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## Things in Ceneral

SOMETHING of an important nature is about to happen in the Liberal household up in the Queen's Park. The neighbors are all agog. For several days and nights past they have observed the increasing bustle and excitement around the old homestead—strange faces coming and going by day, and lights moving at all hours of the night in unaccustomed windows, sending across the snow slanting gleams that filter through the trees with their bare limbs shivering in the frosty air. This sounds like the opening chapter of a romance, but read on. Visitors arrive on all incoming trains and many of them impress the neighbors as being either and many of them impress the neighbors as being either spiritual or medical advisers. There is something doing. But whether the expected event is to be a birth, a marriage or a death, the neighbors cannot as yet determine.

In other words Premier Ross has tackled the ticklish tem-

In other words Premier Ross has tackled the ticklish temperance question. In yet other words, the Liberal caucus has to solve the difficult question of how to abolish the bar without offending the proprietor. It is not a nice position for any caucus to be in. Nor is it surprising to hear that the Liberal members of the House have twice met and adjourned without finding any happy solution of the problem. The only scheme that could be unanimously supported would be one that would suppress the liquor traffic without interfering with it in any way—one that would concede to prohibitionists all that they ask without taking from the licensed vicituallers anything they have. It is not easy, therefore, to draft a proposal that will win the unanimous approval of the caucus. Nor has Premier Ross any margin in his majority to come and go on.

to come and go on.

Everybody knows that Mr. Ross is himself a prohibitionist and willing to go as far as anyone could desire in that
direction. But he has always been restrained by his party
and by those ponderous circumstances which block the way—
and which will, no doubt, continue to block it. Rumor credits
the Premier with urging on the caucus a measure abolishing
all bars and confining the sale of liquor to shops to be owned
and controlled by Government. He is represented as adhering to his views against a majority of his followers. The
possibilities of the situation are curious. Should he succeed
in getting his bill through the caucus, he will certainly lose
some of his supporters when the measure is voted on in the
House. How many Conservative votes he would get I do not to come and go on. possibilities of the situation are curious. Should he succeed in getting his bill through the caucus, he will certainly lose some of his supporters when the measure is voted on in the House. How many Conservative votes he would get I do not know. Perhaps three or four, but if the vote were so close that three or four Conservative prohibitionists in the Legislature were compelled to chose whether they would vote out Mr. Ross or the liquor traffic, it is pretty safe betting that they would choose to endure the traffic a little longer. If the Premier goes on with his measure he will lose more support in the House than he can win over from the other side. If he goes on he goes to defeat. If he were beaten in a vote in the Legislature' on such a measure, he would probably be granted the right to appeal to the country, although this is a point the Lieutenant-Tovernor would have to decide. If he appealed to the country on this question, the Liberal party would be split down the middle and I think Mr. Ross and his prohibition bill would be beaten. Prohibition would split the Liberal party, and polities would split the Prohibition party. Temperance men on the Conservative side would not be going to the polls in that calm and highly moral state of mind that distinguished them at the time of the plebiscite or the referendum. Temperance men in the Liberal party would work hard, their politics intensifying their zeal, but their seal extranging many others who are not temperance men. Whit rollitions at the one and only issue in a general election, some of those in the Cabinet would necessarily retire, or be put in so anomalous a position that their defeat would be certain. With this the only issue, quite a few Liberal papers would probably split off for the time being, or give a merely formal support to the Roes candidates. In fact, a general election on that issue would play the mischief with the politics of a province that has had no issue to consider for many long years. It may be that Mr. Ross, if he contemplates bringin

laws and fasten crank restraints on social and individual free dom. In Toronto we have a growing city, one of the finest to be found in a man's travels the world over. Those who Those who think they can make of this place a paradise by closing the bars, or who think they can suppress the consumption of liquor here, will find themselves seriously in error if they succeed in getting the opportunity to try it. Men who live in the artificial atmosphere of the parsonage and the manse, and whose information about life is sterilized before it reaches them was not see any difficulty in enforcing prohibition in them, may not see any difficulty in enforcing prohibition in Toronto. But there are plenty who do know. The question, however, is what will Mr. Ross do? In a nutshell, he will do nothing this session unless he is prepared to force the issue so that he may retire in a crisis of his own making.

NE day last week Rev. H. J. Cody in addressing the NE day last week Rev. H. J. Cody in addressing the Empire Club made some remarks concerning school teachers which are well worthy of greater publicity and consideration than they have received. In brief, Mr. Cody believes that children, boys especially, should be taught by men. At present a large majority of the teachers, more particularly in the public schools, are women—often young girls, in fact. The natural result of this state of affairs is that discipline among school children is quoted at about fifty per cent. below par. It cannot be denied that women may have quite as much mental cancity and scholarship as their colquite as much mental capacity and scholarship as their col-leagues of the other sex, nevertheless they are quite unsuited to the occupation of making well-behaved and manly men out of the rough material that passes through their hands in the form of boys. The proper control and education of a boy is about as hard a proposition as mule-breaking in winter. It demands tact, decision, a thorough knowledge of boy nature, and above all else a reserve supply of physical force—not that this last essential should ever be employed, but that the boy this last essential should ever be employed, but that the boy should not be permitted to be ignorant of its prsence. Of these qualities a woman teacher may have one—tact—but the others, unless she be abnormal, she simply cannot possess. What does a woman know of boy nature? She has never been a boy, consequently she has at best a borrowed notion of the curves and kinks in his psychology. She can never see things from his viewpoint, and the boy knows it. In many things he adopts a sort of passive patronage and impatiently puts her down as a person who "never could understand." He has no respect for her authority, simply because it does not spring down as a person who "never could understand." He has no respect for her authority, simply because it does not spring from native force—because it is borrowed from the head master. She can coax him and pet him and threaten to send him to the principal, but the boy knows that she is weak—that she has not that inherent force which the whole world, consciously or unconsciously, respects. Boys can not be expected to possess the mature refinement which prevents men from having contempt for woman's gentler nature. All they know about her is that she doesn't understand them, and that she hasn't half mu bir a "muscle" as they have. If a large pershe hasn't half so big a "muscle" as they have. If a large percentage of schoolboys turn out to be unrestrained young rowdies when they have shaken the chalk of the blackboard

ening—nor does it require the club. Masculine authority sup-ported by sound common sense and a good memory of the perversities of his own boyish intellect will enable a teacher to inspire a healthy respect and emulation, and thus make as much of the average youngster as could well be made of him.

S PEAKING of school children, reminds me of the mild re S PEAKING of school children, reminds me of the mild rebellion of the four or five thousand youngsters that were recently corralled in Massey Hall in honor of the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The conduct of the children on that occasion was unreservedly put down as "disgraceful," "shocking," "unseemly," and pretty nearly everything else that is usually considered objectionable. Doubtless a good deal of the inattention and uproar could be traced to the lack of discipline in the schools, to which I have already referred; but I am inclined to go a considerable distance with the youngsters in their protest. It should be remembered that they had a whole lot of provocation for breaking loose. They had not gone to Massey Hall of their own free will; they knew nothing of the subject dis-

from their coat-sleeves, the lack of inflexible authority in our present system, which is incidental to women teachers having almost full swing, must be held in no small measure responsible. If we want to raise well-conducted, law-abiding citizens, with the habit of discipline thoroughly drilled into them, the men-making material will have to be taken in hand in the green and impressionable age and be bent into the shape that fits in with our ideas of what a man should be like. This material is not amenable to tears, coaxing, shaming, or threatening—nor does it require the club. Masculine authority supown and that he is the only person inconvenienced by his

> THE hotel-keepers of Owen Sound, if they have any sens THE hotel-keepers of Owen Sound, if they have any sense of gratitude, should get together and make the Council of that town a handsome present. The Council, aided or intimidated by that feather duster kind of citizen who is always so much in evidence wherever you go, has raised the license fee on cigarettes to two hundred and fifty dollars a year—a price that practically prohibits the sale of this form of shredded corn husks by tobacconists. Thus hotels, which are controlled by the Provincial Legislature and not by the Council, are given an open field in a pretty profitable line of business. But besides the boom that the Council's act gives to their cigarette trade, the hotel men have now a strong drawing card to induce new customers to patronize their bars. While cigarettes are largely used by men old enough to know better, by far the largest part of their consumers is made up of youngsters from sixteen to twenty-four or twenty-five. It is a great graft for the bars to get hold of this young blood.



ALFRED DE SEVE.

Solo Violinist, late of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, now residing in Montreal, Can., who purchased the \$5,000.00 Andreas Guarnerius Violin from the Williams Collection.

cussed; and there was nothing in the entertainment that could much interest them. The most mannerly children in the world would have found it difficult to work themselves up to a state of wrapt attention when reams of heathen statistics were being unrecled. The only entertaining part of the programme—Inspector Hughes' turn—was a chestnut to them. They had seen him perform a score of times, and knew his lines before he spoke them. If the managers of the five-thousand-assembled-children show really wanted order they should have had guards posted at the end of each row of seats, with have had guards posted at the end of each row of seats, with orders to enforce alternate silence and applause and prevent escape. Had the children been a voluntary audience, and cut up in the manner that so shocked people, the management would have good grounds for complaint; but when they were hustled off by their parents and teachers to something that they didn't know and didn't want to know anything about, something no more suited to a child's intellect than a lecture on the "Origin of Species," a rough house was to be counted on as a certainty. There is altogether too much of this trotting children out for show nursees. If an emperor, a king on as a certainty. There is altogether too much of this trot ting children out for show purposes. If an emperor, a king or even a major-general blows into town, out come the young sters, who are marched through the streets as if they were part of a newly arrived minstrel show or an Uncle Tom'. Cabin road company. If something happened a hundred years ago, or is likely to happen a hundred years hence, that pard of the population which is not big enough to resist is forced to play audience. If children are to be used chiefly for dis play purposes, Toronto might as well do the thing up properly and turn them into the Zoo: but if they are to be re garded as future respectable and self-supporting citizens the should be treated in a manner calculated to produce such

I N the Police Court the other day a man was sent dow as a vagrant who had attracted attention to himself by As a vagrant who had attracted attention to himself by threatening to commit suicide in the Yonge Street Methodist Church unless someone came to his financial assistance. No doubt the man was in pretty hard circumstances or he would not have resorted to what he thought were heroic measures. His arrest on the charge of vagrancy, instead of threatened suicide, was a display of wise discrimination on the part of the authorities. Suicides are to a great extent epidemic—at present they are having quite a run—and I have no hesitation in saying that the wide publicity and mawkish sentiment that each case inspires are largely responsible. sentiment that each case inspires are largely responsible. When the law classes self-destruction as a crime and punishes the attempt with imprisonment, it only increases the atmosphere of theatrical tragedy that surrounds the act and atmosphere of theatrical tragedy that surrounds the act amagnifies the importance of the morbid and contemplating victim. The man in court the other day may have been only bluffing when he made his dire threat, but the chances are that he had worked himself up to such a state of egotism and self-pity that he was convinced of his own importance to society, and of the law's duty to rescue him from himself. As I pointed out last week, the law against self-destruction

introduction. Or course a great many of the boys would have found their way there in due time under the old order of things, but the eigarette excuse will rob the hesitating of the last doubt concerning the propriety or necessity of entering. I don't profess to know whether eigarettes are seriously harmful or not. Medical authorities claim that they are no more injurious than any other form of smoke-weed, while the W.C.T.U. holds them to be pernicious, destructive, and everything else that the W.C.T.U. usually calls things. Of one thing I am certain, however, and that is that the injury done o young fellows in driving them into bar-rooms in search of garettes will be much more serious than the most unre rigarettes will be much more serious than the most unre stricted smoking could possibly be. The Owen Sound Counci and the people behind them, who are responsible for this fussy short-sighted high license business, have evidently rea and short-sighted high license business, have evidently realized their mistake, for they have presented, through Mr. A. G. McKay, M.P.P. for North Grey, a petition to the Legislature asking that the sale of cigarettes in bars be brought within the Municipal Act. If the petition should be granted the Owen Sound reformers will doubtless get busy and bring the bars under the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar license regulation—with the expectation that the cigarette trade will be effectively stamped out. But I think there is a little disappointment coming to them that they haven't counted on. The increase in the license rate will not seriously affect the bars at crease in the license rate will not seriously affect the hars at crease in the license rate will not seriously affect the bars at all, for the removal of the tobacconist's opposition will make the hotel man quite able to pay four times as high a license—and yet make more money than he did under the old system. It is evident, therefore, that no matter how the thing works out, the hotel-keeper's thanks are in order—he can't lose, whatever happens. The willing victim of the cigarette and the inoffensive tobacconist seem likely to be the only ones hurt by this latest outbreak of meddlesome fussiness.

spite of the "Mail's" refusal to recognize the death the late Senator Hanna, the people of the United States persist in regarding him as dead—consequently Mr. Roosevelt is looked on as the only Republican champion. The Democratic standard-bearer is still an unknown, though two or three modest men are ostentatiously shouting nay in the hope that they will be taken for dark horses. Cleveland has so frequently expressed his determination to keep out of politics that it is pretty certain he has strong hopes of the nomination. Bryan takes unto himself the robe of the seer and with elevated eyebrows talks calmly and patronizingly of the various possibilities. Hearst thunders his own glorification and blows himself up every day with a fresh blast of indignation over the wrongs of the people and the right of Hearst. The symptoms of the three men indicate the same mental trouble—the Presidential bee-sting. If Cleveland could get hold of a policy, he would have a pretty good show for the nomination; if Bryan could get rid of one, his chances would be strong; if

Hearst had three or four more big yellow papers to keep his horn tooting, he would be something like an easy winner. As it is, the three have about equal strong points and equal drawbacks. The people don't seem to know whether Cleveland's modesty is sincere or not, and the Bryanites hate him for his sound money fogyism; consequently he is not getting a great deal of boosting. Bryan has twice led his party to defeat, and his free silver bug has brought him the undying enmity of the Cleveland partizans; consequently he is thought dangerous. Hearst is looked on in the more sedate Democratic quarters as a giddy young thing—attractive, but too fond of gaudy colors to be sound. The New York papers are making pretty much of a butt of him, in an effort to slaughter him politically with ridicule, but business jealousy is too obvious an explanation of their enmity to enable it to do him much harm. The fact that he is a newspaper man is bound to make him many enemies among his business rivals, but his three great dailies, in New York, Chicago and San Francisco must exercise a tremendous influence in his favor. Because Hearst is young is no reason why his opponents can afford to ignore him. Because he is the proprietor of yellow journals is no reason why he should not make as good a President an either of the other possibilities. That he has made a success of everything he has touched is a pretty good indication that he has brains. Any young man, without experience, who can go into New York, start a great newspaper, and usurp the field of his keenest and most experienced opponent, is a long way from being a fool. His papers, good or bad, have pleased the people. That shows that he knows what they want. If he knows what they want he should be able to convince them that he is the man they need as their Presidential candidate. If Hearst gets the nomination the color of the Democratic party will be definitely known. With Hearst and Roosevelt as opposing Presidential candidates, the color of the nation will be undeniably reveal

In the land of the freebooter and home of the bravo, which lies to the south of our northern boundary line, the negro question is rapidly reaching the point where it will be answered so distinctly that this whole continent will hear it. Of late we haven't heard so much about lynching as we did a year or so ago; but that is only because the crime no longer causes so much comment—our neighbors take it pretty much as a matter of course. In reality, it is gaining in popularity every day. A few years ago Judge Lynch was content to jerk a rope and pull a gun. Now he makes free use of the oil and torch of the middle ages. Until recently he devoted his entire attention to the punishment of one crime. Now he has branched out and administers "justice" on a large scale. Lynching is no longer confined to men; negro women are also its victims. Booker T. Washington in a recent letter to the Southern press called attention to the fact that during the month of February, within two weeks, three negroes were burned at the stake—one of them a woman—and none of them had even been suspected of the crime that is supposed in the South to excuse the inhuman savagery of the mob. They were involved accused on murned ter. This is the natural burned at the stake—one of them a woman—and none of them had even been suspected of the crime that is supposed in the South to excuse the inhuman savagery of the mob. They were simply accused or suspected of murder. This is the natural outcome of a system that recognizes might as the only right. A good hot Southern jingo is ready to shoot on the slightest suggestion that the negro has such things as rights. The darky lives on the white man's tolerance, and whenever he becomes a bore or a nuisance he is converted into fuel. That the law nominally provides for the protection of blacks and whites alike is thought by good Cayenne-snuffing Southerner to be little short of an outrage—and when the authorate the patriotism. A couple of weeks sipply, while on his way from Jackson to Batesville to rescue a suspected negro murderer from the hands of a mob, narrowly escaped having his train wrecked by his engine driver, who desired in this way to protest against the Governor's unconventional conduct. To anyone not blind these are clear finger-posts to a bloody future. The howl that went up when Roosevelt invited Booker Washington to lunch was another tip of the times of a piece with the recent refinement in the art of lynching, marking as it did the progress of United States tolerance and liberty. Nearly twenty years ago, when Grover Cleveland was President, he invited a negro to lunch with him, and though the guest came and took a good square meal at the express of the "free-born" taxpayer, so little out of the Cleveland was President, he invited a negro to lunch with him, and though the guest came and took a good square meal at the expense of the "free-born" taxpayer, so little out of the ordinary was the incident considered that the members of the present House of Representatives were largely in ignorance of it until the other day, when one gentleman from Kansas informed another gentleman from the same State that Mr. Cleveland had been guilty of the same "impossible conduct" as Roosevelt. A realization of this change of sentiment which has taken place in twenty years would startle any nation less self-satisfied than the United States into an energetic reformation of inhuman abuses that are is national disgrace and that self-satisfied than the United States into an energeter ferofinition of inhuman abuses that are a national disgrace and that will end, if tolerated, in a national tragedy. The negro will be ground just so low, then he will become hysterical and run amuck. Balzac says: "There is nothing so terrible as the rage of a sheep." In the States the negro is the sheep. When he becomes desperate it will be a good time to stand from under. It looks as if that time is just about here.

PROMINENT gentleman who has never been accused A PROMINENT gentleman who has never been accused of being a fad-pusher or an extremist, and who never before to my knowledge has been guilty of writing letters to the newspapers, has sent me a communication of great interest and some length. Talk about "teaching the young idea how to shoot!" He has the theory down fine, and in a most literal sense. Following is the main portion of the letter, which I heartily endorse:

I wish, if possible, to bring to the notice of all influential men our need with reference to the overwhelming importance of possessing a shooting population, even if other matters are of possessing a shooting population, even if other matters are entirely neglected. One would think it was evident to thoughtful men of any kind that a population of crack shots with no drill is far and away better than one that drills but does not shoot. In fact there is no comparison; but, strange to say, the hidebound military man won't see it, but runs to the drill book and the gaudy side of the business, totally forgetting that it amounts to comparatively nil when fighting begins. When Doyle, Kipling, and others enlarge on the importance of marksmanship over every other consideration, we meet a perfect flood of jeers at the suggestion of raising a race of "hedge-row riflemen" from those oblivious of the fact that England has always been "licked" by just this class of men; for example, the Boers, the American Revolutionists, and in this country, the half-breeds of the North-West in 1885.

I am glad to see that in a recent speech Mr. Sifton takes this view, and in this he is in accord with Sir W. Mulock and other public men. These are my ideas and have been for years, but I am always downed by military opposition, which sacrifices everything to drill and discipline—in its way, of course, good, we all know that—but if we can't have everything, which we can't in the time available, you will agree with me that we should devote what time we have to a study of the most important subject and the one that can't be picked up hurriedly at the last moment. Sufficient drill can neglected. One would think it was evident of the most important subject and the one that can't be picked up hurriedly at the last moment. Sufficient drill can be got up in a few days, but not the art of rifle shooting.

Now think for a moment how few people, comparatively, in Canada, know anything about actual shooting; two-thirds of our militia know nothing of it and the same applies, only more so, to the general population. One meets hundreds of ablebodied people who jokingly admit that they have never fired bodied people when a rifle in their liv

a rifle in their lives.

Imagine, on the other hand, if we devised a scheme by which every man could be made a fair rifle shot, capable of hitting what he aimed at, or at least knew how to load an fire the weapon in confidence! Such a force, even if ignor of drill altogether, would make us a most difficult peop tamper with, and capable of making some show of what we have. We admit this unwittingly when we

ime of trouble for the cowboy and the trapper in preference

time of trouble for the cowboy and the trapper in preference to all others, simply because he can shoot.

As we stand now, led an by our hidebound conservative military guides, we are almost useless, but, in my opinion, we can readily arrive at a satisfactory condition on the lines I hold as correct—by means of our schools. Here we have thousands of youngsters only too willing to take up musketry, which, as you know, every boy would delight in.

It is true we have in some schools cadet corps, and possibly most people will ask, "What more do you want?" Well, what are they? Simply a few boys got together by some enthusiastic teachers and drilled with the old obsolete weapons supplied by the Government. Only a few boys in each school take part, and they soon get tired of it; this would never

blied by the Government. Only a few boys in each school take part, and they soon get tired of it; this would never happen if they burnt a little powder at rifle practice every

This has been proved in No. 1 District. The cadet com-anies were in a dwindling state. A patriotic gentleman pre-ented a shield for competition and they started target prac-ice. The Government having made a miniature cartridge solve. twenty-five yards distance, they got up little ranges in each school yard. You should see how quickly the boys joined and how great was the enthusiasm displayed. It put new life into the whole business. Learning this work as children, they never forget it in after life any more than they do ordinary school studies.

sechool studies.

Now supposing that musketry was a recognized study in each school, voluntary or compulsory. Think of the effect, in a few years, if every lad left school with a knowledge of rifle practice similar to other subjects necessary for his career in after life. Even if we had no militia we would possess the material to organize an army ten times more effective than what we have at present. When trouble comes it is too late to teach musketry, so we do what we did for South Africa—rush the men together and drill for the week or two we have to prepare, and so shove them into the field. Men brave enough, but of what use? Mostly they can't hit anything; whereas, if they had had instructions in shooting as boys at school, they would be what we want—a defensive force for use and not an impediment as any mass of men must be under the ex-

they would be what we want—a defensive force for use and not an impediment as any mass of men must be under the existing system. What would be the use of a baseball team if they were drilled and disciplined but never played ball. If we could lay our hands on a shooting population at any moment, sufficient drill can quickly be imparted, and thus we would be in a state of preparedness—what we want to be but if trouble came to-morrow we all know what would follow. We would collect our population and begin drilling. Nine out of ten military men would rush to this, and as it Nine out of ten military men would rush to this, and as it was in preparing for South Africa—not a shot fired. Most people don't consider it necessary, and there are few localities where practice can be carried out in a hurry. Well, such a force would be just about as likely to succeed as if they attended a trap pigeon tournament and competed with men who were experts.

It is inconceivable how this invariably occurs in military

inconceivable how this invariably occurs in military matters. If civilians were entering for any competition such as lacrosse, baseball, football or hockey, they would get together and play lacrosse, baseball, football or hockey, and not waste time on movements which are of little or no value, comparatively, when the game once begins.

All this is no reflection on discipline, but I maintain you can impress it for more differently or more with leaded rittles.

All this is no reflection on discipline, but I maintain you can impress it far more effectively on men with loaded rifles in their hands than by standing them up in rows teaching simultaneous movements at squad drill.

Now we are supposed to encourage cadet corps, but what do we actually do? We give them obsolete Martini-Henry rifles, belts and bayonets, and it is therefore obvious that this equipment is only fit to drill with; besides, it is a pretty cheap arrangement, as arms issued are practically useless. The Ontario Government are more generous, as they allow annually to each efficient company the sum of \$50.

The gallery ammunition which I spoke of before costs \$3 per thousand rounds. But why could not 100 rounds per boy be issued free each year and the educational authorities insist on the instruction in its use. It is a very simple way of making a most effective militia and at the same time providing a most congenial and manly sport for every boy throughout the country. I may say that the Government gives free 200 rounds per man a year to each city regiment. Why not half that amount to each boy, where its value is double?

With a little real encouragement the result would be wonderful, and we would, in a simple and effective way, solve the question of defens. The militia never can be effective with.

derful, and we would, in a simple and effective way, solve the question of defence. The militia never can be effective without some such scheme. We are all too busy building up a young nation to spare time after we leave school to learn is required; then why not combine it with the ordinary e boys when they have the time and the inclination.

It is a most undemonstrative way of preparing without ruffling the ideas of those who are opposed. mi. No one could object to the proposal to instruc-ster in the mechanism of a rifle and how to handle the course of a rifle and how to handle the second of the course of the second of defend his country. But remember it must be shooting, not drill. We can't expect anything from the farce of parading boys with an obsolete weapon which cannot be fired; they might as well carry their books under their arms back and forth to the schools without being taught how to use them, which is simply what our present military idea of training

No one takes seriously the subject of defence to heart till suddenly the row begins, when we imagine, provided we have plenty of weapons and ammunition, we can readily defend ourselves. Well, we are just about as useful as a woman would be who picks up a revolver and thinks she can scare a burgelar.

would be who picks up a revolver and thinks she can scare a burglar.

But what a people we would be in, say, five years, if every schoolboy passed out at the end of his term a "marksman."

At present we spend a pile of money on organization and other military matters. But organization won't stop an advancing foe if we can't shoot; but if we can shoot, we can dispense with a great deal of organization; anyway, the latter can be improvised, in some way, at the last possible moment; but the former—never, though I have yet to see a military man who will acknowledge it.

Most people sneer at the idea of any fighting in Canada; but it will come some day, and if we are caught as we are

it will come some day, and if we are caught as we are we may remember the words of Kipling in "The Island-

When ye go forth at morning and the noon beholds you broke Ere ye lie down at even your remnant under the yoke." Parents may imagine that if my correspondent's scheme carried out their boys will be in danger of shooting someone or being accidentally shot. Not at all. The boy trained to handle a gun and disciplined in its use is not the one to point it at a companion or let it go off by mistake. Such accidents increasing, would practically become unknown



HE usual succession of gay doings at the Capital has HE usual succession of gay doings at the Capital has marked the opening of the session, and although fewer than usual went from Toronto to join in them, there is always a local contingent temporarily residing in Ottawa or paying a flying visit there at this season. The Opening, which was at the last moment postponed from Thursday to Friday on account of the non-election of the new Speaker, M. Belcourt (which necessary preamble took place on Thursday), was exceedingly pretty and favored by the Minto weather, which we know so well. For the last time, so far as we can tell, His Excellency orated in two languages from the crimson-canopied throne, and for the last time, so far as we can tell, His Excellency orated in two languages from the crimson-canopied throne, and for the last time his charming Countess and lovely eldest daughter passed gracefully along before admiring rows of smart people to their places on the left of the throne, vis-a-vis with the wife of the Premier and other "Cabinet ladies." As usual, their gowns were dainty, delicately tinted and most becoming, Lady Eileen Premier and other "Cabinet ladies." As usual, their gowns were dainty, delicately tinted and most becoming, Lady Eileen looking particularly sweet and girlish in white and green. Plenty of imposing raiment is worn, even at the Opening, by the wives of the Ministers. the Speakers, and the Senators and Members, though the "best" is always for the evening function, the Drawing-room, later on. A few of those at the Opening were Lady Laurier in a handsome satin brocade, with a bouquet of red roses; Lady Borden in black lace over white, Lady Mulock in black embroidered lace, Mrs. Sifton in pale green brocaded satin, Mrs. Power in Chantilly lace mounted on white, Mrs. Belcourt (nee Haycock) in a par-

ticularly chic and dainty gown of pale cream lace and mous-seline over pale green, Mrs. Ahearn in a sumptuous brocade, Mrs. Hugh Guthrie in white satin, Mrs. H. C. Osborne in a princess gown of green paillettes with many soft flounces of black chiffon on the jupe, Mrs. Macculloch in a very simple and charming pale pink dress, Mrs. Cockburn Clemow in black velvet with bertha of fine Brussels lace, Miss Gwendolyn Clemow in pale green crepe touched with black, Mrs. O'Hal-laran and her sister from Montreal, Mrs. Hampson (nees Tait), were a few of those whose presence lent a new charm to the stately Senate chamber. Bright little Miss Edith Kerr of Cobourg was ill with grippe and has not been to Ottawa of Cobourg was ill with grippe and has not been to Ottawa yet; her next sister, Miss Mabel, was with the Senator at the Opening. Two gorgeous Lieutenant-Governors, Mr. Snow-ball of New Brunswick and Sir Daniel McMillan of Manitoba, were seated facing the throne. They first deposited their august gold-laced persons upon the sacred "woolsack," the crimson dos-a-dos upon which the Supreme Court judges are wont to perch, but were subsequently given two chaises d'honneur before the throne, and the woolsack remained forlorn, for the judges did not appear. His Honor of New Brunswick was accompanied by his wife and daughter, who have many friends in Ottawa and Toronto. Sir Daniel brought his daughter, a tall, graceful, sweet girl, with a very composed daughter, a tall, graceful, sweet gril, with a very composed manner and much savoir faire, who was a picture in a white gauze gown, with some delicately painted purple pansies relieving its filmy folds. She struck me as the most distinguished-looking girl at the Opening. Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge came with her hostess, Miss Scott, and Miss Boultbee of Iver House with Lady Mulock, with whom she is to spend the winter. Pretty Mrs. Denny and Miss Edwardes, a niece of Colonel Denny, the former in a most becoming canary-colored gown, were seated on the Government House side of the chamber. Mrs. Lyons Biggar, a Torontonian, was very pretty both at the Opening and the Drawing-room. There was the usual reception afterwards in the Speaker of the Senate's apartments, to which the vice-Regal party went first, Mrs. Power managing to keep the refreshment-room from being crowded until they had partaken of something and bid good by to their hosts. A second reception by the new Speaker of the House, M. Belcourt, and his young wife, assisted by Miss Belcourt, his sister, carried the crowd of guests westward to the apartments lately vacated by the new Minister of Inland Revenue and former Speaker, M. Brodeur. As the Belcourts have just finished furnishing their manner and much savoir faire, who was a picture in a white Brodeur. As the Belcourts have just finished furnishing the Brodeur. As the Belcourts have just mushed lurinishing their fine new house, I presume they will only use these apartments for official entertaining. M. Belcourt, clean shaven and clever looking, is a youthful looking man, though Mrs. Belcourt, his bride of about a year ago, is his second wife. She was Miss Maisie Haycock, and has already captured the hearts of Miss Maisie Haycock, and has already captured the hearts of susceptible Senators, new Members, and the public generally, by her gracious and graceful way of doing the honors in her new and onerous position. Several teas were on, even after these two receptions, and although the evening was unusually free (for the State dinner of the tenth did not depend upon the presence of a properly elected Speaker for its date, and was held as arranged, on Thursday), there was no rest for popular and busy sections of society who dined and wined more or less formally.

On Saturday evening the Drawing-room was held, and though for various reasons it was not so large as some I have seen during the Minto regime, it was even prettier than usual. There were no contretemps, such as imaginative writers dilate upon; no one fell down or strewed the stately progress with stray fans, veils, feathers or scraps of lace—even the "queue" did not show any sign of warfare. A really funny little joke on a social luminary of the male persuasion occurred when he was enjoying the spectacle of an absent-minded friend who paraded up the aisle of officers in his overshoes and rolled-up trousers. In the midst of his chuckles he happened to caten sight of his own two feet, clumsily garbed in the worthy "gums," and with a good inch of sock showing under his neatly rolled-up trousers. Then he laughed no more! Two women appeared without veils (there are always two who do), but the "levee" generally was without incident. His Excellency and the Countess of Minto entered the Senate chamber about nine, the train of the Cuntess (such a lovely train, pale green, embroidered with silver) carried by her second son. Hon. Esmond Elliot, and Master Eric Maude, in court pages costumes. Lady Minto's robe was exquisitely pretty and her sweet little smile of recognition very dear to her friends. Lady Elleen Elliott, who is always the first to make her obeisance before the throne, glided in, looking lovely in a white crepa and chiffon gown, with a bouquet of pink roses. Lady Minto carried hiles and violets, an exquisite tribute from Mrs. Harriss of Earnscliffe. There are two or three guests at Government House who then entered, followed by Mrs. Maulie, the Prime Minister and Lady Laurier, the Cabinet Ministers and their ladies, the Deputy Ministers and their ladies, the Command their ladies, the Deputy Ministers and their ladies, and their ladies, the Deputy Ministers and their ladies, to see the patient queue, with whom are some of the nicest people who bow before vice Royalty. Lord Dundonald came in with the queue, lo Saturday evening the Drawing-room was held, for various reasons it was not so large as some I have is on leave in England. However, Dundonald had the eyes of the, by that time, huge assemblage as he quietly walked up the long lane and made his bow, and they admired the G.O.C. as they could not have done had he come in earlier. Sir Charles Parsons was up from Halifax and stood beside the vice-Regal party. The former uncertainty of just when and how a Consul-General may sport his court suit kept the interesting clique of Italian, Austrian, Russian, German, United States and Japanese gorgeousness away from the Drawingroom, though they were at the Opening in all their effulgence of gold lace, medals, orders and smiles, the new United States Consul, Mr. Foster, alone wearing plain evening dress, his official "costume." In the constantly passing, salaaming and disappearing succession of beauties and distinguished persons at the Drawing-room, there were several Toronto ladies who kept up the reputation of the Queen City, but many who were at the Drawing-room, there were several Toronto ladies who kept up the reputation of the Queen City, but many who were down last year were unable to repeat their pleasant experience. Lady Laurier wore a lovely white gown, beautifully embroidered and applique. Mrs. Sifton was in cream Liberty satin, with many small tucks and large medallions of lace, and a handsome lace bertha. Mrs. Belcourt was in white, an exquisitely dainty gown, in which she looked a picture afterwards, standing on the little dais before the Speaker's chair in the House of Commons, and receiving the throngs of well-wishers who came on from Speaker Power's reconstitutions. wards, standing on the little dais before the Speaker's chair in the House of Commons, and receiving the throngs of well-wishers who came on from Speaker Power's rooms to congratulate the new Speaker and his pretty wife. Outside in the main corridor was a splendid buffet, decorated with flowers and laden with simple dainties that all might share the hospitality of the Speaker and Mrs. Belcourt. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. H. C. Osborne in a stunning gown, paillette with pearl sequins and lightly touched with blue, and her companion at the pretty function, Mrs. Macculloch, in a soft graceful gown of white crepe with silver paillettes; Mrs. Hood in pale pink brocade, Mrs. Frank O'Hara in white satin and silver, Mrs. Oates in a black paillette gown, and of several pretty girls from divers parts of the Dominion. Miss Whitney of Morrisburg, Miss Dorothy White of Quebec, Miss Madge McGill of Peterboro', Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Miss Boultbee of Iver House, Miss Sullivan of Prince Edward Island, Miss Snowball of Fredericton, Miss McSloy of St. Catharines, Miss Dwyer of Toronto, who was with the younger Miss Power, both being deputantes; Miss McMillan of Government House, Winnipeg, who was even more charming than at the Opening, in white satin applique with yellow chiffon roses; Miss Roi of Montreal, the sparkling brunette who has captured the affections of the "baby" Member, young Armande Lavergne; Miss Domville, another very pretty brunette who has been proudly beaued about since the Opening by her papa, Colonel Domville; and lots of other pretty creatures whose names have escaped me, but whose charming faces haunt my dreams.

An Ottawa paper says: The Governor-General and the ountess of Minto entertained at luncheon at Rideau Hall or Saturday for the honorary aides-de-camp. There were present among others Lieutenant-Governor Sir Daniel McMillan and Miss McMillan, Lieutenant-Governor Snowball, Mrs. and Miss Snowball, Mrs. Henry C. Osborne and Mrs. D. Macculloch of Toronto, Miss Seymour, Miss Brice of New York, Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, Major and Mrs. Maude, Colonel Evans, Colonel Peters and Colonel Lessard.

Mrs. A. Denison of Toronto was raison d'etre of Mrs. A. Denison of Toronto was raison detre of a charming supper party after the Drawing-room, given by Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow, with whom Mrs. Denison is staying. The large rooms were artistically decorated with bright flowers and myriad candles threw a soft glow over the pretty scene. The ladies still wore the becoming veil and feathers scene. The ladies still wore the becoming veil and feathers and the scarlet uniforms of the officers present added a touch of brightness. Supper was served at a number of small tables prettily decorated with pink roses and carnations and ferns, and dainty accessories were the pretty little menu cards done in gold lettering. The guests included Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Irwin, Colonel and Mrs. Denny and Miss Edwards, Colonel

Drury, Mr. and Mrs. Sladen, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock, Miss Sovereign, Miss Mabel Girouard, Miss Honor Clayton, Miss Louie Gemmill, Mr. and Mrs. Fellowes, Mr. and Mrs. T. Stuart Cameron, Miss Breymann Mallock, Mr. McAllister, Mr. T. C. Gordon, Mr. Alex. Hill, Mr. Lesslie Macoun, Captain Courtney, Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall, Mr. Lyman Patterson, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. S. Gilmour, Mr. McCowan.

On Sunday Mrs. Clemow gave a delightful tea in honor of her Toronto guest, at which some of the guests were Colonel and Mrs. Cartwright, Colonel and Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Major and Mrs. Weatherbee, Mr. Northrop, Mr. Logan, Mr. Dyment, Colonel Andrew Thompson, Colonel and Mrs. Turner, Captain Gardiner, Mrs. and Miss Millar and numbers of others.

Everyone is pleased to welcome back to Toronto that sweet singer and charming girl, Miss Edith J. Miller, who is stopping with Mrs. L. A. Hamilton. On Tuesday Mrs. Fletcher Snider asked half a dozen of Miss Miller's friends in for a game of cards and a cup of tea, and one table of seven-hand euchre was enjoyed by the little party, which included Mrs. Miller Lash, Mrs. Ralph Young, Mrs. McGillivray, Mrs. Dobie, Mrs. James Elliot, and Miss Queenie Hoskin. As one swallow doesn't make a summer, neither does one table make a euchre party, for which Mrs. Snider seems to have been given the credit, and has asked me to explain. On Wednesday Miss Miller enjoyed the frolicksome "Country Girl" at the Princess with an a sased me to expand on weather and miler enjoyed the frolicksome "Country Girl" at the Princess with her hostess, Mrs. Hamilton, and has been otherwise entertained by friends during her visit. Some excellent music has been the pleasant lot of Mrs. Hamilton's friends, both stess and guest being perfect in their art.

The usual Wednesday habitues enjoyed the afternoon at the Strolling Players' Japanese room this week. Miss Tillson the Strolling Players' Japanese room this week. Miss Tillson, a new singer, was received with great appreciation, and Miss Millichamp's violin obligato lent additional attraction to Miss Tillson's beautiful songs. Next week there is to be an innovation, and instead of the songs and so forth there will be an imitation of Mrs. Leslie Carter as Du Barry by Mr. Archie Sullivan and an imitation of some other star by Mr. Conrad a friend of Mr. Sullivan's. I believe this will be on Tuesday afternoon. A new "catch" of the anglers for good voices sang on Wednesday, a German gentleman quite recently arrived from the Fatherland, whose fine voice was warmly aprived from the Fatherland, whose fine voice was warmly a plauded. A little notice has been posted in the tea-room ex-eluding children from the club quarters—not a moment to-soon, either, as I was told of a small child having actually seen sent to be "minded" by one of the ladies from half-pas

I see by the papers that the marriage of Mrs. Lount, widow of the late Justice Lount, has been announced. Some weeks ago I mentioned having received word of its likelihood, but did not take the responsibility of mentioning either the lady or her gallant's name. The latter, I was told, was a retired officer who had been devoted to Mrs. Lount for some time. Another marriage of a Canadian widow and a Bermuda officer is quietly spoken of as shortly to take place. quietly spoken of as shortly to take place.

Mrs. Fisher arranged an interesting programme of Russian omposers for the Woman's Musical Club on Thursday morn-Those who performed the various numbers were among

Perhaps never has a Nordica evening aroused a more personal interest than last flight, when the matchless diva appeared before an audience which always rises to her attraction like a trout to a fly. During the past year, Nordica has been worried into an illness, has worried out of it, and emerges triumphant to charm Toronto as she never has failed

Mrs. James Plummer and Miss Mollie Plummer sailed for England on the "Celtic" last Wednesday.

Mrs. Cattanach is going to England about the first of May, on which date her lease of the Plummer residence ex-pires. I hear Mr. and Mrs. Frank Plummer have taken the nouse from that date.

Mrs. Fred Cox gave a large euchre of nine tables at Senator Cox's residence in Sherbourne street in honor of her Montreal visitor, Mrs. Loring, last Tuesday afternoon. A very dainty tea was served after the game.

Gooderham of Waveney and Mrs. Charlie Beatty have the Southern seaside for a short sojourn.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt is coming up on a visit to The Oaks

His Excellency and Lady Minto will come up next month for the Horse Show, after which Lady Minto will sail with Lady Eileen Elliot to England, where they will be joined by Lady Ruby Elliot, and the two young ladies will be pre-sented at the King's Drawing-room later in May. The sincere sented at the King's Drawing-room later in May. The sincere regret of tout Canada, that the charming family of our Governor-General will only return to us to say a final farewell, is shared in most frankly by them. Lady Eileen is particularly lovable when she says "six such good years, the best of my life." Let us hope fate has much better ones in store for her sweet little ladyship, for she well deserves them.

At the annual meeting of the Lambton Golf Club, Mr. C C. James was elected to succeed Sir Thomas Taylor as Gover nor, Sir Thomas having removed from Toronto. The dinner after the meeting, of some fifty covers, was of the most jolly and hilarious description, "when good fellows meet together" and with much fun and cordiality the evening passed all too

Mr. W. R. Kirkpatrick has been appointed to the manager-ship of the Royal Bank, Ottawa, and has gone to take charge, Mrs. Kirkpatrick went down on Tuesday with her little daugh-

The Japanese fete next Thursday at McConkey's will occupy the afternoon and evening hours of the smart set.

Mrs. W. A. Charlton will receive in the Speaker's apart ents, Parliament Buildings, on Tuesday next, from 4.30 to

Mrs. C. S. Boone of Bloor street east has returned home from a three months' trip to England, and on the Continent with her son, Lieutenant C. A. Boone of the Second Battalion Manchester Regiment. Lieutenant Boone has returned to his regiment stationed at Aldershot.

The marriage of Mr. Harold Ashton Richardson, s son of Ven. Archdeacon Richardson of London, Ont., and Miss Marion Ogden Austin of Chicago, took place in Calcutta on February 10th in St. Paul's Cathedral, Rev. Canon Luckman recruary from hist. Faurs canceral, Rev. Canon Luckman officiating. Owing to the sudden summons of the bridegroom to attend to buiness interests in Wall street, New York, the marriage was rather hurriedly arranged. The bride had been making a tour of the world with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Austin of Chicago. Mr. Montague Grahame-White of London was best man. After the ceremony the White of London was best man. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to Peliti's, where breakfast was served, the following being the guests, besides the happy couple, and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Austin: Canon and Mrs. Luckman, Mr. and Mrs. George Garth, Mr. J. A. Dalton and Mr. Montague Grahame-White. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson spent a few days at Darjiling before sailing from Bombay for Europe and New York.

#### Carrying Out the Simile.

"Ah!" sighed the romantic lady as she and her escort stood at the top of the toboggan slide at Montreal, "how much love resembles tobogganing! At first there is the pondering over the choice of a mate; then the settling down and coming to an understanding as to the rules of the game; and then together the happy couple sail far, far away, thinking of nothing except the delight and joy of being together."

"Yes," answered her practical escort; "and then comes marriage."

"Yes, answeriage."
"Oh, yes," she simpered.
"Yes, then comes marriage. That consists in pulling the toboggan uphill with the girl on the toboggan."
There was no thaw that day.—"Judge."

#### A Sure Thing.

"But how can I be sure," said the beautiful heiress, "that you do not want me merely for my money?"

"Darling," replied the Duke, "if I can have you I shall never worry about money any more."

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> Plain Butchers Linen and Vesting Waists, large pearl buttons. Extra value, \$2

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Dr. W. H. Drummond and his family are in the West Indies. Mrs. Drummond and the young folks have been there for some time, and the doctor has gone down to fetch them home. Dr. Drummond will be in Toronto shortly for an evening of readings.

for an evening of readings.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Campbell Osborne and Mrs. MacCullough went down to Ottawa on Thursday for the opening and the Drawing-room, and returned to town on Tuesday morning. They stopped at the Russell and were entertained at Government House and at Rideau Cottage during their visit. On Monday they were the hosts of a very pretty luncheon at the Russell, and attended the fine carnival at the Exhibition Rink in the evening, leaving by the late train for Toronto. Many hospitalities were offered the charming Toronto women during their short visit, and they were much admired at the two large functions of last week.

I am glad to note that my friends of

I am glad to note that my friends of the telephone talk read "Saturday Night," as I am led to believe by their sudden abandonment of certain plans, which, however delightful, were not quite prudent. The warning was quite confidential and continues so, and the slight previousness of an Eastern paper, which states that a "scandal is to be unearthed" in Toronto society is on a par with the assurance of the prophets of an early spring. A word in time often saves a good deal of conversation later on.

I hear that Rev. A. U. du Pencier

I hear that Rev. A. U. du Pencier and Mrs. Du Pencier are to leave Toronto shortly and take up their abode in Brandon, where Mr. Du Pencier has received an appointment to the rectorship of St. Matthew's Church. They will be greatly missed in every circle, and more than any other of the clerical set in various pleasant reunions, Mr. Du Pencier and his better half being almost the only couple in that set who are fond of dancing and welcome partners at the Varsity dances in Trinity College Convocation Hall. Both are devoted workers in church matters and much in touch and sympathy with young people, and they will be much missed by their Toronto friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler are to spend some time in Bermuda. They left for the South, on Thursday.

One of the sweet singers at a recent afternoon of the Strolling Players was Miss Brenda Smellle, of whose voice I hear very nice things being said.

hear very nice things being said.

The names of those who will don the fascinating kimono and assist at the Japanese fete of March 24 are Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mrs. Victor Williams, Miss Keating, Mrs. Charles Kingsmill, Miss Nordheimer, Miss Florence Spragge, Miss Essy Case, Miss Mollie Waldie, Miss Ella Ryerson, Miss Millicent Henderson, Miss Birdie Warren, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, Miss Christie, Miss Mary Davidson, Miss Helen Durie, Miss Daisy Boulton, Miss Harman and Miss Inglis. Tickets may be obtained at McConkey's for the fete, which continues through afternoon and evening, and takes place in the ballroom, which will be transformed into a Japanese pavilion. From what I hear of the intentions of the managers it will be a bewitching affair.

Bermuda is apparently Cupid's pet

Rermuda is apparently Cupid's pet base of operations this spring. I have received word of the engagement of a charming young widow, relict of an officer of the first contingent, to an officer of the Fusiliers, now in Bermuda. If the report be correct, many good wishes from her Toronto friends will be sent to the piquante fiancee, who is the most attractive of women.

Senator Melvin-Jones went down for the opening to the capital and returned to Toronto on Tuesday. Although the gallant senator was alone at the function, Mrs. Melvin-Jones being in mourning and her daughter indisposed, he was, as usual, kept busy in polite services to some of his fair fellow-citizens for whom he contrived to find nice seats, even after the Senate chamber was quite filled, when he squired two graceful young matrons through the crowd.

Mrs. Britton Francis is with her mother, Mrs. Powell, in Ottawa for a time. After important matters have been settled, which are interesting the young matron and her many women friends, Mrs. Francis will go to Chicago to make her home there. Mr. Francis is now in Chicago, where his business necessitates his residence.

Mr. Clarence Bogert of the Dominion Bank, Montreal, sailed on last Satur-day by steamship Canopia from Bos-ton for the Mediterranean trip. He will be away for a couple of months.

Mr. E. S. and the Misses Clouston were guests at Rideau Hall for the carnival on Monday night. La petite Miss Clouston was perfectly lovely as a marquise, in black velvet costume, tricorn hat and white curls. Mr. Clouston was an Arab shelk, and looked most stately in burnous and vell.

The marriage of Miss Maude Cameron, sister of Lady Bourinot, and Mr. James Macdonell of British Columbia will take place shortly in Ottawa. Toronto friends of Miss Cameron will send her many good wishes on the happy day, which I have not yet heard named. Mr. Bleasdall Cameron and his wife are at Fort Francis, and readers of "Saturday Night" who enjoyed his writings will be glad to hear of his well-being.

Mademoiselle Clem Vanden Broeck, who has been touring with a party on the Continent, has returned to Canada, and writes glowing accounts of her travels from Glencoe, where she is stopping, I presume, with her friend, Miss Blackburn. Her experiences, told in her own droll way, have delighted all her friends, who hope soon to welcome her to Toronto again.

her to Toronto again.

At the Strolling Players on Saturday the baritone who has been enriching the various programmes with contributions of striking merit gave some German sougs and a quite remarkable rendering of "Drink to Me Only." This talented singer is a protege of Mr. S. H. Janes, who found his voice most promising when in the South, and brought him north to cultivate it under the direction of Dr. Albert Ham. The young man is a mulatto, Hasten by name, and has one of those mellow, rich, exhuberant voices which so often bless his people. In addition, he has considerable distinction as a linguist, and is turning out such an acquisition to musical programmes that his patron has every reason to be proud of him,

and to receive the warm thanks of mu-sicians and music-lovers for bringing him to Toronto. He has an extended repertoire in three or four languages. On Saturday the Strolling Players' teawas packed to listen to him.

The National Chorus concerts are dated for the 13th and 14th of next month, when the singers will be assisted by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Genevieve Clark Watson, soprano; Arthur Beresford, bass; Jan Van Vordt, violinist, and William H. Sherwood, planist, Dr. Albert Ham conducting the chorus and Adolph Rosenbecker the orchestra. The honorary president of the National Chorus is his Excellency the Governor-General, and president of the National Chorus is his Excellency the Governor-General, and the patronesses of the concerts are Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark, Lady Boyd, Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Meredith, Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Welch and Miss Knox.

A correspondent writes: "A large At Home was given by Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Smith, 420 Pape avenue, to bid farewell to the Rev. Mr. Frizzell and Miss Jean is the Rev. Mr. Frizzell and Miss Jean Harris, who were leaving for Jerusalem. The drawing-room was beautifully decorated in palms, azaleas and ferns, the dining-room in pink carnations, smilax and ferns. The table-center was beautiful Irish lace, with tulle and dollies of Battenburg lace. Those assisting at the tea-table were Mrs. Romerall. Mrs. P. A. McDonald. Mrs. Butler. Mrs. McClelland. Mrs. W. T. Harris, Mrs. James Harris, Miss Summers, Miss Lane, Miss Cowley, Miss F. Frizzell, Miss Florence McClellund and Miss Chambers. Mrs. Smith received, gowned in black peau de soie, with trimmings of sequins and lace. 'Miss Harris assisted, and looked lovely in brocaded voile over green taffeta and medallion trimmings, with white roses. Mrs. Smith is a charming hostess and Mr. Smith most generous and hospitable. Many were the kind wishes for a safe and pleasant journey. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. Chambers, the Misses Chambers, Mrs. William Harris, Mrs. Davidson. Rev. L. W. and Mrs. Hill, Miss Hill and Mr. Hill, Jr., Miss Lundrq, Miss Bauld, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Milne, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Couch, Mr. and Mrs. Frizzell, Rev. Wesley and Mrs. Coach, Mrs. Dean, Miss Martin, Mrs. E. Blong, the Misses Blong, Miss Blong of Port Perry, Mrs. Lobb, Mrs. Washington, Mr. John Cringan and Miss Cringan, Mr. and Mrs. Hannon, and many others. Harris, who were leaving for lem. The drawing-room was

Madame Marie Petite, a gifted Frenchwoman, who is now giving a series of drawing-room lectures at smart houses in New York, is, I am told, possibly coming to Toronto next month. I presume under the auspices of L'Alliance Francaise. It should be a treat in store for us if this be true.

Congratulations are many to Judge Frank Anglin on his elevation to the bench. The honor has been impending for some time, and now that it has finally descended upon the handsome head of the son of the late gifted Timothy Anglin, and the brother of "sweet Cynthia," Miss Margaret Anglin, the glad handshake and the hearty word of felicitation are felt and heard by the new judge of the Court of Exchequer in all quarters.

Marriage does not seem a failure in London-the-less. Last Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ahston celebrated their golden wedding, and on Monday Mr. and Mrs. Henry Strong went them a whole decade better, having sixty years of wedded happiness to their credit on that day.

Mrs. W. R. Riddell and her sister Mrs. C. C. James, and the sister for a fortnight. Mrs. George Lindsay is visiting Mrs. Drummond Hogg at the

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison are settled in quarters at Stanley Barracks, where Mrs. Denison received for the first time last Thursday.

Mrs. Somerville of Atherley and her invalid son, Mr. Lorne Somerville, sailed by the "Canopia" from Boston last Saturday for the Mediterranean. They will join Mr. Somerville in Egypt. Mr. Lorne Somerville was quite seriously ill at Atherley recently, and it is hoped the trip will be of great benefit to him.

Mr. Charles Austin Lewis, lieutenant First Worcester Regiment, is visiting his mother in Scarth road, Rosedale. He has been on some years' service in Ceylon and India, and is now on six

A very marked instance of the de A very marked instance of the development of the artistic taste in the home of the society woman of to-day may be seen in the great improvements made of late years in the manner in which the home is illuminated. The introduction of the electric light has made it possible to do away with the heavy and cumbersome gasolier and substitute the dainty electric celland substitute the dainty electric centring cluster or the light and artistic wall-bracket. Toronto people are specially fortunate in having electric light supplied at such a low rate as that charged by the local electric lighting company. company.

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Charter It.

On bidding Armitage "good-bye" at the entrance to his hotel, and having thanked him again for the generous offer of his help, I returned to my own caravanseral. When I arrived there I went straight to my room and locked myself in. Then placing on the table the packet I had brought with me from the ship, I cut the strings and opened it. The knives I wrapped up in several pieces of brown paper, which I sealed and wrote my name upon. After which I wrapped up the camera and took both downstairs with me. The packet containing the knives I took to the manager's office, with the request that he would place it in the safe. Then taking up the other, I proceeded into the Strand, hailed a cab, and drove to a shop I had seen that morning, on the windows of which it was stated that a dark room was provided for amateurs on payment of a moderate fee. I paid the amount in question, and was conducted to the room. Then, with what feelings you may imagine, I broke the seals, turned the key, which had been fastened to the handle, and opened the case. With the utmost care I commenced my grisly task, doing one plate at a time, and watching the gradual development with anxious eyes. To my horror the first was a complete failure. In my nervousness I must have under-exposed it. The second was somewhat better, but by no means as good as I could wish. The next was an improvement, and, to my joy, the remaining three were all that I could desire. Not being able, of course, to leave them to dry upon the premises, I was compelled to resort to artificial means, which necessitated a long wait in that stuffy hole, which was but little bigger than a cupboard. At last, however, after an imprisonment that had lasted upwards of two hours, being satisfied that they were in a condition to be taken away, I placed them in the box I had bought in the shop I purchased the requisites, for toning and printing, which I ordered to be sent to my hotel without fail that afternoon. The camera I took with me to my room, but the plates, which were ca

poned until I should retire to rest that night.

On descending to the hall I found a letter addressed to me in the small, tremulous writing of the old school. As I had not another female correspondent in Table at the proved to be the case. She wrote to thank me for the money I had sent her, and to inform me that her charge seemed to have quite settled down. Much to the old lady's delight, she seemed to have taken a fancy to herself and her daughter and to derive pleasure from their society.

"I am endeavoring to persuade her,"

self and her daughter and to derive pleasure from their society.
"I am endeavoring to persuade her," she went on, "to employ her time with needlework, hoping that this may distract her thoughts, but I regret to say that so far I have been unsuccessful. It would seem as if she is incapable of any sustained effort, though her bodily strength seems all that could be desired. She has spoken of you on several occasion by name, which induces me to believe that her memory is capable of recording impressions of recent date, but of nothing connected with the tragedy which so nearly cost her her life. Perhaps we should be thankfor this."

her life. Perhaps we should be thankfor this."
The old lady concluded by saying that they trusted soon to see me. All things considered, the report was as satisfactory as could be expected in so short a time. The pleasure I derived from the fact that she had remembered my name and had spoken of me was exquisite. I suppose that men will do such things when they are in love, but I received that sections of the second section of the second se short a time. The pleasure I derived from the fact that she had remembered my name and had spoken of me was exquisite. I suppose that men will do such things when they are in love, but I know that I read that portion of the letter over and over again. Before I put it away I made a mental resolution that I would go down and call on the put it away I made a mental resolution that I would go down and call on the following afternoon. There was nothing to prevent it, so I patted myself on the back and told myself that I deserved a treat and was entitled to take one. Before I did so, however, I had an important matter to see to, and that was to place the negatives and the balance of the photographs I had taken in a place of safety where they could remain for a length of time. It was within the bounds of possibility that the hotel clerk in handing out a package might make a mistake and give mine. I determined to take them to my bank and have them placed in security there. The knives I kept with me, as I wished to examine them more closely.

On leaving the bank, which was in Lombard street, I drove to Armitage's hotel, for I was anxious to show him the pictures, and have a long talk with him prior to going down to Hampton Court. I enquired for him in the hall, and was informed that he was in his sitting-room, for the hall porter had seen him go up the grand staircase half an hour before.

"Til call a man to show you up, sir," that I would go down and call on the

an hour before.
"I'll call a man to show you up, sir," But I told him that he need not wor-ry, as I could find my way to the room by this time. I accordingly got into the lift and was carried up to the third

by this time. I accordingly got into the lift and was carried up to the third floor, Armitage's.

His bedroom and sitting-room were at the end of the corridor, and looked out over the Embankment. On the heavy pile carpet of the passage my feet made no sound. I knocked upon the door, and, hearing same ejaculation from Armitage, took it to be "Come in," so I entered. As I did so, I heard him say, "You cursed fool, before you've done you will ruin everything."

It was easy to see that he was in a towering rage about something. His usually handsome face was black with passion. If human eyes can dart sparks his were certainly doing so at that moment. Cringing before him was as miserable a little Jew as ever disgraced a synagogue. He was metaphorically washing his hands and staring up at his tall companion, as if he expected every moment to receive a blow. Nev-

gr have I witnessed anything more despicable.

"My dear fellow, I did not know you were engaged," I began. "I'll come back in a quarter of an hour. I am sorry I interrupted you."

"No, no, don't go," he said heartily, his whole manner changing, as if by magic. "I have finished my business, and was only administering what schoolboys call 'a jolly good wigging,'" Then turning to the Jew he said, angrily, but by no means so fiercely as he had previously spoken, "be off about your business, and don't you ever try to play any tricks like that with me again, or you will find that it will be the worse for you."

The miserable little wretch slunk out of the room like a whipped cur, leaving Armitage and me alone together. He held out his hand to me.

"I am fully sorry that you should have seen me in such a rage," he began. "But that man would exasperate a saint. I put him on to buy some things to be sent out to one of my stations, and now I find that he has not only been swindling me, but also swindling the man from whom he was to purchase them. I happened to hear of it in a roundabout way, and don't think he will forget in a hurry the talking to he has earned for himself by his duplicity. But don't let us talk about that. Tell me about yourself. You have made no progress, I suppose, since I left you yesterday."

"I have developed the negatives, and I suppose that may be counted as some sort of progress. It was tiring work, but the result is eminently satisfactory." I took one of the copies from my pocket-book and handed it to him. He studied it carefully for upwards of a minute.

"Well," he said at last, "I can only say that it is about the nastiest pic-

my pocket-book and handed it to him. He studied it carefully for upwards of a minute.

"Well," he said at last, "I can only say that it is about the nastiest picture I ever saw in my life. But I am afraid it is not going to afford any sort of clue. With such an expression of agony upon the face the likeness will most certainly be unrecognizable. What do you think yourself?"

"I am not quite so sure of it myself." I answered. "I think I can form, having seen the man, and having his portrait to refresh my memory, a very good idea of what the fellow was like."

"That's fortunate," Armitage continued. "If only we could get hold of some clue as to the identity of the vessel, but you say that every trace had been removed?"

"Every one," I replied. "Jackson, the chief mate, and I spent a large part of our time searching her, but could find nothing."

"Which only confirms my theory that it was not a case of mutiny. If ever you do find him, you will discover that I am right."

"I have told you repeatedly," I said, almost angrily. "that I have made in

I am right."

"I have told you repeatedly," I said, almost angrily, "that I have made up my mind to bring the villains to justice, if it is possible for a human being to do it."

"I admire your determination," he answered, "and, as I have already

"I admire your determination," he answered, "and, as I have already said, on my side, I will render you any said assistance in my power. It will be hard if between us we cannot hit upon some plan of running the doss to carth. Where is the yessel now as the reply. "But I will find out this afternoon."

He lit a cigarette, and then asked m He lit a cigarette, and then asked me how I proposed to find out, seeing that I did not know her name, and I had quarreled with the "Hullket" firm.

I then told him of my intended visit to Hampton Court that afternoon. It was almost certain that Mrs. Jackson would have heard from her son, who would tell her of his movements.

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What brought it so quickly before the eople? There are three vital reasons. First, my individual—my personal application of a treatment to these obscure nside nerves.

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only one that acts directly on these failing nerves.

Thirdly—and the most conspicuous reason—is because I announced to the world that practically any sick one—anywherewas welcome to use Dr. Shoop's Restorative a whole month without the risk of even a single penny.

After this, my discovery, failures were so few that I could safely make this offer. And the simple way to that help is this. You write ms for the book you need. Send no money. A postal card will bring the book.

"And you will see the charming "And you will see the charming young lady, whose rescuer you were?" he said, looking at me out of half-closed eyes, and blowing a cloud of smoke through his nose.

"That is one of my reasons for going," I remarked. "I am anxious to see what this little rest has done for her."

her."
"I hope at some future time you will permit me the honor of making her equaintance."
"Doubtless you will see her before ery long. I have several things to do nd I want to catch the half-past two rain down."

rain down."

I did catch the train, and an hour

train down."

I did catch the train, and an hour later was standing before the fire in the pretty little drawing-room of Acacia Villa, awaiting the coming of my hostess. Presently she entered the room, leaning upon her stick. She greeted me warmly and begged me to draw a chair up to the fire as the afternoon was cold.

"Alexandra will be here in a few moments," she said. "Short though the time has been, I think you will see a little change in her."

She had hardly said this before the door opened, and the girl herself entered the room. I could scarcely suppress an exclamation of surprise as I looked at her. You must remember that, so far, I had not seen her well dressed. Now she was attired in a costume of some dark gray material, which showed off her shapely figure to perfection. Nothing could have suited her better. She knew me at once, and gave me her little hand with charming grace. Though she was still far from being herself, it seemed to me that there really was an improvement. There was still the melancholy absorbed look in her eyes, but it was not so marked as it had been when we left the ship. She became more animated when I enquired how she liked Hampton Court. it had been when we left the ship. She became more animated when I enquired how she liked Hampton Court. She had seen all there was to be seen, and declared that she would never tire of visiting the Palace. I told her that I must get her to show me over it, whereupon kindly Mrs. Jackson suggested that we should go that afternoon.

noon.
"You will have plenty of time to walk through the galleries before it grows dark. Run away and put on your things, my dear."
She did as she was bid, and in about

things, my dear."

She did as she was bid, and in about five minutes returned dressed for walking. While she had been absent I had learned from Mrs. Jackson that her son was still in charge of the ship at Plymouth, and that he did not know when he should be able to leave her. "Now be off with you," she said, "and don't let me see either of you until half-past four, when we will take tea."

You may guess for yourself how much I enjoyed the walk and the stroll through those quaint old rooms. I was surprised to find how much my companion knew about the pictures. We were passing through one of the stately rooms which overlook the gardens and the Long Water, when she led me to one of the pictures and stood gazing at it as if she could not take her eyes off it. Personally, not being a connoisseur of such matters, I could not see much in it, but it seemed to exercise a strange fascination over her.

"Oh, what would Canti say, could he see it?" I heard her murmur.

Scarcely thinking what I was saying, and engelying in a casual tone. I are

see it?" I heard her murmur.
Scarcely thinking what I was saying, and speaking in a casual tone, I enquired who Canti might be.
"He was my master in Florence, Bartholomeo Canti."
She spoke without

tholomeo Canti."

She spoke without looking round, and then resumed her contemplation of the picture. Then the magnitude of the discovery I had made burst in upon me, and I felt as if I could have shouted for joy. Quite by chance I had stumbled on one little clue. If Canti were in the land of the living I would find him out, and see what he could tell me about her. I tried to question her further about him, but her memory ner further about him, but her memory ner further about him, but her memory ner avail.

about her. I twied to the story had avail.

Having exhausted the galleries, inspected the courtyard and strolled through the gardens, we found it was time to return to Acacia Villa. We were passing through the Fountain Courtyard, which was now almost dark in the cloisters, when a curious thing happened. Standing in one of the doorways was a man, and I was prepared to swear that he was no other than the miserable little individual whom I had heard Armitage rating so thoroughly that morning.

The glimpse I caught of him was such a momentary one that I had passed the door before I properly realized the fact. Then I stepped back and looked in. There was no one there, however. I took the liberty of stepping inside and looking, about me, but all I could see was an old chest, and some ancient stairs, which turned abruptly to the right after a few steps. The floor was of stone, and the stairs were uncarpeted; one would therefore have thought that it would have been impossible for the fellow to have got away without making a noise, particularly as I had not walked more than n yard. I rejoined my companion, feeling more mystified than I can say. I was as certain that I had seen him as I could well be of anything, yet the facts of the case seemed to be against me. I am afraid our conversation flagged on the homeward journey. My companion was not talkative at the best of times, while I had enough on my mind to afford me food for reflection. Was it only chance that had brought the fellow down to Hampton Court? Had he business with the residents of that portion of the Palace? or, lastly, was he following me? The last thought rather disquieted me For the time being, however. I dismissed it from my mind, and devoted myself to the task of amusing the ladies. As before, I was easily persuaded to remain to dinner. When Mrs. Jackson and I were alone together I enquired whethfore, I was easily persuaded to remain to dinner. When Mrs. Jackson and I were alone together I enquired wheth-er she had made any progress in in-ducing Miss Alexandra to take up some hobby.

ducing Miss Alexandra to take up some hobby.

"If you mean by that needlework, I am sorry to say I have not," was her reply. "But she has a hobby in which she is singularly proficient. Really, Mr. Bramwell, she paints most beautifully. I am sure she would make a name for herself in the world of art."

"Has she ever told you where she studied?" I asked.

"No, she always declares that she cannot remember. But I have an idea it must have been abroad. She is now engaged copying a picture in the Palace gallery, and you must make her show it to you."

"I will certainly ask her to do so," I rejoined, and when she came downstairs I made my request to her.
Obedient as usual, she left the room, to return in a few minutes with a can-

stairs I made my request to her.

Obedient as usual, she left the room, to return in a few minutes with a canwas in her hand. Though the picture was in a quite unfinished state, I recognized it as a copy of that before which she had stood so long that afternoon. Liftle though I know of such things, I could tell that her talent was of no mean order. I handed it back, and thanked her for showing it to me. Our dinner that evening was a more cheerful one than on the previous occasion. Miss Janet was in excellent spirits, while I did my best to second her efforts. Now and again the old lady told aneedotes of her youth; Miss Alexandra, however, though she appeared to be listening, scarcely uttered a word, save when spoken to. When we returned to the drawing-room Miss Janet played and sang to us and at

half-past nine I rose to say "good-

half-past nine I rose to say "good-night."

"I hope we shall see you again very soon," said my hostess. "You know that you will always be welcome."

"I am afraid not for a week of two," I answered, and then added, watching Miss Alexandra's face as I spoke, "I am thinking of leaving to-morrow for Florence."

My remark seemed to have no effect upon her. Her expression was as impassive as if she had never heard the name.

"Surely this is rather a sudden resolution, is it not, Mr. Bramwell?" asked Mrs. Jackson.
"I am rather prone to act on impulse," I remarked. "Florence is a city I have always longed to visit, and as I have some rather particular business to transact there, and may have a lot to do later on, I thought I would take advantage of the opportunity and go now."

vantage of the opportunity and go now."

They wished me a pleasant journey, and, having promised to let them know my address when I reached my destination, I bade them "good night" and made my way into the hall. Miss Janet followed me and while I was putting on my great coat opened the door for me. As I was about to pass out she took an envelope from her pocket and held it out to me.

"This is a little present for you, Mr. Bramwell," she said. "I hope you will like it, but don't look at it until you get into the train."

I thanked her and promised that I would not.

It was a wild wet night, and, for

It thanked her and promised that I would not.

It was a wild wet night, and, for this reason, I lost no time in reaching the railway station.

Having selected a smoking carriage I lit a cigar, and then, taking the envelope from my pocket, opened it with some curiosity. It was a photograph of Miss Alexandra—and an excellent likeness. She could not have given me anything that I could value more.

Wondering whether I could obtain a paper, I leant out of the window in search of a newsboy. At the same momoment a man, who from his appearance should have been soaked to the skin, passed the carriage. He looked up and saw me, gave a start of astonishment, and passed quickly on to a compartment further up the train.

I had not been mistaken after all, It was the man I had seen in Armitage's

I had not been mistaken after all. It was the man I had seen in Armitage's oom that morning!
(To be continued.)

#### A School of Matrimony.

T is cheering news to learn that the State of Iowa is grappling with the divorce evil at the right end of the problem. In that enlightened commonwealth it is proposed to establish a school where young men and women, contemplating entering into the holv estate of wedlock, mak take women, contemplating entering into the holy estate of wedlock, mak take a course of instruction and receive a diploma for proficiency in knowing how to keep the domestic peace, and to this end a bill has been introduced into the Legislature asking that the Governor be empowered to appoint a "State Di-rector of Marriage Reform Instruc-tion."

so do a bill how been throcked into the legislature asking that the Governor between the control of a bill how been made greform Instruction in the sembowered to appoint a "State Director of Marriage Reform Instruction in the sembowered to appoint a "State Director of Marriage Reform Instruction in Just what the curriculum in the School of Matrimony will embrace has not yet been made public, but the same the property of the sembower of the state of the cook and keep house. The first distillation many—nay, most—husbands get is from the bad housekeeping of their wives. It is unromantic, but it is a truth, that you can drown love is from the bad housekeeping of their wives. It is unromantic, but it is a truth, that you can drown love is the bower of resurrection on soggy biscuit. It is unromantic, but it is a truth, that you can drown love is a truth, that you can drown love is the bower of resurrection on soggy biscuit. It is unromantic, but it is a truth, that the young husband first behalf has a simple of the property of the power of resurrection on soggy biscuit. It is an advisor, the property of the power of resurrection on soggy biscuit. It is an advisor, the property of the power of resurrection on soggy biscuit. There's no use in saying this is puttang the property of the property of the property of the property of the power of the property of the

#### Thin Diet No Nourishment In It.

No Nourishment In It.

It's not easy to keep up when coffee has so ruined the stomach that food won't digest.

A Missouri woman says: "I had been an invalid for two years from stomach trouble caused by coffee; got so bad I couldn't digest food, and for quite a while I lived on milk and lime water—nothing but that—a glass of milk and lime water six times a day. In this way I managed to live, but of course did not gain.

"It was about five months ago I began using Postum Food Coffee; I did not need the milk and lime water after that, for I gained rapidly, and I can now eat a good meal and drink from one to three cups of Postum each meal and feel fine.

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YE OLDE FIRME OF

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way instead of the wrong way? Of course, men are often pig-headed and unreasonable, but the art of the thing is not to treat a crank as if he were sane, and when you find you have stirred up an upgly temper, to give way for the time being without a fight. The secret of great generalship is knowing when to attack and when to retreat

chocolate creams as if marriage extracted a woman's sweet tooth. This is a mistake. It is strange, but a fact nevertheless, that words and not deeds count with a woman, and that as long as her husband will hold one of her hands, she is perfectly content to work the other one to the bone for him. It would also add no little to domestic felicity if husbands could be taught when a hat is a confection and a bargain at \$50, when a skirt "sets" right, and when it is a subject for tears, and how to hook up a waist in the back without wilting their collars and using language in which no gentieman should indulge in the presence of a perfect lady. But, perhaps, this is asking too much. There can be no absolute perfection in this world.

At any rate, the School of Matrimony has a great future before it, and the "State Director of Marriage Reform Instruction' is destined to be the solver of the divorce problem. May his tribe increase!

DOROTHY DIX.

DOROTHY DIX

#### The Old, Old Question.

Old Gent (to small boy, who is nursing a skinned knee)—Did you fall down, little chap?
Small BoyYer didn't think I fell up and bashed agin a cloud, did yer!—"Tit-Bits."

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NRY HARLAND'S

ENRY HARLAND'S latest book, "My Friend Prospero," which was introduced to the world as a serial in "Mc-Clure's Magazine," is a trivial narrative, so daintily and delicately written that one is grateful for its fine qualities and does not a sk for anything stronger. It is not so sparkling as "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box." Perhaps, because the scene is Italy, with the shade of ilex and olive and the charm of old gardens, it may be associated with "The Lady Paramount." It is, of course, a love story, and the lovers are of no marked peculiarities—a stalwart boyish English nobleman and a beautiful patrician from Austria—Maria Dolores, who is a princess once removed. But there are two characters more attractive than these young persons, who, you can tell from the first, are going to become engaged and be married in a truly fashionable way. There is an elderly lady of England's nobility—Linda, Lady Blanchemain, who describes herself accurately as a "young, old thing"—and there is a queer, sensitive plant called Annunziata, the little niece of the "padre," who are well worth an introduction. The scene and story are utterly removed from real life, as far away as Prospero's island, and those who are somewhat tired of the strenuous life and the "Woman Who Toils" can waste an hour most agreeably (and what is harder than to waste time well!) in the pleasant land of Lombardy, looking unabashed over the wall, while John Blanchemain explains to Maria Dolores that he is a poor but very-much-in-love English gentleman. (Toronto: William Tyrrell & Co.)

A book bound in a cool, green liner cover, with smooth pages, large, cleap print, and illustrations that are almos engravings, has, as final attractions the print, and illustrations that are almost engravings, has, as final attractions the name Thackeray in gold letters on the outside and the name G. K. Chesterton within. There has been some foolish talk about a Thackeray revival, as if the author of "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond" were really buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. The first part of this book of forty pages is taken up with an article by Mr. Chesterton with the simple title, "Thackeray"; the latter part is given over to Mr. Lewis Melville, who writes of "The Characters and places of Thackeray's Books." Mr. Chesterton may be wilful, extravagant or provoking at times, but he is never dull. Through all his criticism there blows a breeze of aggressive manliness and sincerity; and, when he comes to Thackeray there is the quick understanding of a kindred nature. In the attempt to sum up Thackeray's gospel he thus delivers himself—"it was the philosophy of the beauty and the glory of fools. He believed as profoundly as St. Paul that in the ultimate realm of essential values God made the foolish things of earth to confound the wise." Mr. Lewis Melville's essay does not strike so original a note as the former, but is interesting in its Thackeray topography, and is finely illustrated. In brief, this new book on the great novelist cannot but tempt those who love Thackeray, while these who are not admirers—but what is the use of considering people who do not lifte Thackeray? these who are not admirers—but what is the use of considering people who do not like Thackeray? (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.)

A Boston publisher, Richard G. Badger, who published Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald's "The Radiant Road," has brought out a volume of verse, "Songs By the Wayside," by William J. Fischer, a young Canadian, whose workmanship one must admit is exceedingly crude. The writer of "The Land of Dreams" and "Faces In the Street" ought to possess something of the true poetic feeling for beauty and melody of expression. But many of the poems are commonplace in conception and lacking in any rhythmical unity. There is genuine feeling and an artist's sense of color in many lines, but the author neds to make a careful study of expression.

Such a book as "Harmon's Journals" is, or ought to be, interesting to Canadian readers. Daniel W. Harmon of the North-West Fur Company spent nineteen years of his life in the service of the company, eight years of which were passed beyond the Rocky Mountains. The introduction to the Journals was written by Daniel Haskel in August, 1820, and the first entry in the Journal is dated at La Chine, April, 1800. The account of the Indian tribes is given with a simplicity that is almost childlike and unconsciously graphic. One has a conviction that some of the religious reflections are the work of the editor rather than of

Mr. Harmon. As the introduction says: "Certainly such passages look very strange in the same book with Mr. Harmon's confession of his reasons for accepting female companionship." The "Journals" are assuredly quaint and interesting reading, a welcome change from the historical fiction which is neither "ish, fiesh, fowl, nor good red herring." (Toronto: The Morang Company, Limited.)

Professor George M. Wrong, M.A., of Toronto University, is the author of a new text-book, "The British Nation," a work that aims to cover "within the compass of a handy volume the salient features of the history of the British nation as it now stands before the world." The word "British" will be welcome to Irish, Scotch and Welsh readers, to say nothing of the "dominions beyond the seas." The question asked by the Banjo Bard:

"What should they know of England Who only England know?"

is most pertinent in these days of imperial interests and contentions. It is inevitable that in a volume of less than six hundred pages, containing many illustrations, certain features of British growth should be very lightly treated. But Professor Wrong has succeeded in writing a thoroughly readable history, with pictures that, in some instances, tell the story of development for themselves. Such is the case with the architectural prints. The writer is eminently modern, dwelling upon social conditions rather than baronial wars and introducing the biographical element to a large extent. Writers of history seem to be discarding the old hero-or-villain style of regarding the great men of the nation, and adopting the view of Professor Morse Stephens, who said to us in Toronto in 1898: "Let us picture them as they really were—not as saints, not as fiends, but men and women who sinned, suffered and achieved!" There are many who consider all history dry, and the fault has been partly with the history. This latest contribution cannot fairly be charged with that fault, and ought to find many readers. The last chapter, "The Growth of the British Dominions," has been needed in our historical text-books, and will doubtless be appreciated by Canadians. (Toronto: The Morang Company, Limited.)

It is hardly to be hoped that Mr. W. is most pertinent in these days of im-

It is hardly to be hoped that Mr. W. W. Jacobs will write another book quite so good as "Many Cargoes." But in "Odd Craft" he has given us fourteen stories that are quite funny enough to make us feel that the author is keeping up his reputation as a writer of breezy yarns. Every story is worth telling and worth listening to, even when the hours dwindle into the small figures on the dial; but the first one—"The Money Box"— is a delightful narrative about Ginger Dick and Peter Russet, who tried to save and who—but I won't be so unkind as to spoil it all. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)

An English author, Mary E. Mann, has succeeded in writing an everyday story of everyday life without rushing to extremes, as the novelists of the present day so often do. The writer takes for her title the name of her heroine, "Mrs. Peter Howard." The latter is a young and inexperienced woman, who cares not a jot for her very commonplace husband. Her surroundings are uncongenial, her life one of dullest monotony, and she finally drifts into an attachment with a fascinating military man who is the possessor of a wife and family. Matters reach a climax, and distressing complications seem likely to ensue, when Fate steps in and alters the course that a mighty love dictates. Common sense and innate noblity win the day and wisdom triumphs. The characters introduced are all very natural, the best people having their weak points and the most doubtful specimens of humanity their redeeming traits. The story is prettily told, being tinged with pathos and dashed with a quaint humor, and will appeal to lovers of romance. (Methuen's Colonial Library, London, England.)

A writer named Thomas Cobb is responsible for "The Head of the Household," which is a trashy novel, such as any schoolgirl with an ordinary education ought to be able to write without much effort. The story is about an heiress who is deeply in love with a young man who doesn't know his own mind nor heart, and who vacillates to a tiresome degree. In style and subject the book is distressingly tiresome and juvenile. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)

such a book as "Harmon's Journals" is, or ought to be, interesting to Canadian readers. Daniel W. Harmon of the North-West Fur Company spent nineteen years of his life in the service of the company, eight years of which were passed beyond the Rocky Mountains. The introduction to the Journals was written by Daniel Haskel in August, 1820, and the first entry in the Journal is dated at La Chine, April, 1890. The account of the Indian tribes is given with a simplicity that is almost childlike and unconsciously graphic. One has a conviction tat some of the religious reflections are the work of the editor rather than of the work of the ed

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In Wood and Bottle
In Wood and It is not all! My blood and
my acmach are so much better I and
much rich food and an overstrain of
the nerves, but my nerves are much
better, my mind is clearer, and I don't
foost things like I did. It must be the
food, for the paralysis.

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prayers of many Christians, but it is
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for one out of health, age one's health
up? I have heard lots of others praise
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The Blind Pig.

VERY age has its civilization, VERY age has its civilization, but none is more picturesque or attractive than the dawning civilization of pioneer days in the Great West. There are reasons for this. Pioneers are recruited from two extremes of society—the nomadic and adventurous n'er-do-wells and the enterprising, hard-headed business man seeking new realms for commercial conquest. The idioms of early days are characteristic and equally entertaining.

mercial conquest. The idioms of early days are characteristic and equally entertaining.

"The Blind Pig" is not an agricultural term, and all the science of Farmer-General Dryden's department cannot correct the condition. Trout Rapids is the head of navigation on the Stormy River, and enjoyed a brief business boom during the construction of the Stormy River Railway. As usual, it had a hotel, kept by Messrs. Spirit and Hyde, and it appeared to have a monopoly of commercial success. This hotel had no license. Why, we were never able to find out, for certainly the moral tone of the community would not object. They sold the worst of the liquor for the best of prices, to all who wished it. It was known throughout the locality as "The Blind Pig." When a stranger arrived and appeared survived at the term the each times.

liquor for the best of prices, to all who wished it. It was known throughout the locality as "The Blind Pig." When a stranger arrived and appeared surprised at the term, the old-timers simply looked at each other with feelings of pity and derision, about "half and half."

The discernment of "The Blind Pig" certainly belied its name, for by some unknown process or intuition the visit of the license inspector was always known two or three days in advance. Then the order went forth to "cache the booze" and show up the lemon sour, the latter being kept for these occasions only. The habitual frequenters were cautioned as to their conversation, and conduct during the inspector's stay. Two old habitues who could not be trusted were given a heart to heart talk by the proprietors, and advised to "hit the grade" for a day or two. They accepted the situation, and started down the track to another camp fifteen miles distant. The proprietors were at the steamboat landing to welcome the inspector. The best supper possible was provided for him. The order of the place would "melt a missionary." The inspector inspected everything except the capacious cellar of a small shack standing a few yards from the main building. The following morning Messrs. Spirit and Hyde accompanied the inspector to the boat. Quite a few had collected to see him off. He was certainly the star guest of the settlement. As he crossed the gangplank his hosts handed him a box of "twofers," requesting him to accept it "as a memento of his visit." He complied. When the boat pulled out the little gathering moved toward "The Blind Pig" as one man. The "softs" were quickly set aside, the booze reinstated, for not only did they have to celebrate the inspector's visit, but they had to make up fifteen hours lost time. Conditions at the hostelry on the evening of this day would convince the most incredulous that they had arrived.

J. SMITH.

#### He Was Calm.

"You women vex and fret yourselves too much about trifles," said Mr. Blun-derby calmly to his wife the other day, after she had happened to say that she thought it "very strange" that she

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Few People Know How Useful it is in Pre-

serving Health and Beauty. Nearly everybody knows that char-coal is the safest and most efficient dis-infectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same clear.s-ing purpose

the human system for the same clear.sing purpose.
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you take of it the better; it is not a
drug at all, but simply absorbs the
gases and impurities always present in
the stomach and intestines and carries
them out of the system.
Charcoal sweetens the breath after
smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.
Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the
teeth and further acts as a natural and
eminently safe cathartic.

proves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels: it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges: they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of



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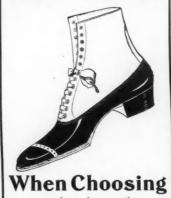
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PORTER

could not find her scissors, for which she had been hunting half the morning. "You allow yourselves to get upset over mere nothings. Now, what if we men, with all our cares, did the same thing? But we don't We're under better mental discipline. We hold ourselves in check. We—by George, it isn't train time! Where's my hat. I left it on the rack when I came in. Where the dickens is that hat? It's mighty curious—that a thing once laid down in this house can never be found again! Where the blazes is that hat. Here, you children, fly about and help find it. It makes meinfernally mad to think that—no, I didn't put it in any other place. I'll swear I put it on the rack. I'll be hanged if—oh, I don't care a button how many chairs I upset! I'll a button how many chairs I upset! I'li find that hat, by George, if I have to tear the house down and throw it out of the window! It beats everything how— Found it yet? No, and it never will be found. I've an idea that it will never be seen again on this earth. I don't care if I did smash that vase. Wish I had broken the pair of them. I'm wild enough to—aha! so you've found it, have you? Where was it? In the hall cupboard? I didn't put it there. What? Jane says I did, for she saw me? She'd better not say that to me! I dare her to! Well, now I'm off!"

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She had made up her mind to take out a life insurance policy and appeared before the examining physician. "What's your name?" he asked in his crisp business way, and she looked indignant as she answered. "Age?"
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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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TORONTO, CANADA, MARCH 19, 1904.



undoubtedly musical comedy, and the reason for the fashion is not far to seek. The modern audience desires neither instruction nor elevation. It craves amusement; and, the larger the city, the more desire the public shows to conjugate the verb "to amuse" in the passive voice. In New York, for instance, a modern critic has passive voice. In New York, for instance, a modern critic has asserted that it is almost impossible to have a quiet game of whist, such as every country town rejoices in. The strain of daily business life and the nervous exhaustion of metropolitan competition make theater-goers entirely unwilling to exert their thinking or speculative powers. Pretty girls, sparkling dialogue and catchy choruses are the best source of relaxation, and it is small wonder that the season's programme shows a long list of musical comedies with only a very thin slice of meat in the sandwich in the form of a "sure enough" play. meat in the sandwich in the form of a "sure enough" play. Even in Toronto, which is far from being a commercial rival to Chicago, we have had a series of musical comedies with comparatively few lapses into legitimate drama; and our citizens have been only too glad to go in out of the cold and have a good laugh. Certainly we have required this winter the play that cheers—the inebriation is not far to seek. It is rather surprising that the trouble in the Orient and the ruction about Port Arthur have not revived "The Mixado" with its wandering minstrel and its enchanting "Yum-Yum." Gilbert and Sullivan have not been equalled yet by any twentieth-century combination and we could very easily stand the

"A country Girl" has been away for two long weeks, and many of its old friends have welcomed it back tumultuously this week, and the Princess Theater has again been crowded. for Sophie, Marjorie, and the rest of them are the jolliest ever and the people will see them in spite of obstructions caused by the arrival of more snow and the non-arrival of street cars. It has been said that those who are late for the theater sometimes leave home with the best intentions, but the fatal tram becomes suddenly powerless, halts for about fifteen minutes, and the theater-bound passenger resigns himself to missing half the first act, all on account of the little delays of the street railway system. There was general regret when it was known that Mr. John Slavin was no longer acting as "Barry." But Mr. Clarence Harvey, who now takes the part, proves quite as acceptable, being as excellent an aid to digestion as was his predecessor. Miss Deyo dances more harvingly than any other maiden who has tripped gross the digastion as was his predecessor. Miss Deyo dances more charmingly than any other maiden who has tripped across the boards this year, and her costumes are quite flower-like in effect, especially the poppy gown in which she first appears. The Rajah of Bhong is more imperially attractive than ever and sings his many stanzas about "peace" in the midst of popular clamor. Toronto is thoroughly faithful to a favorite, as Mr. Willard can testify, and "A Country Girl" will probably find us even more true to her charms than was Mr. Coeffrey Challoner. Geoffrey Challoner.

At the Grand Opera House "The Burgomaster" has proved a successful attraction this week, as it has on former occa-sions. Miss Ruth White, as Willie Astorbilt, is the most striking member of the company, her dainty figure and melodious voice making her an immediate favorite. The part of "Burgomaster" is difficult to fill, either vocally or physically, but Mr. Oscar L. Figman proves equal to the occasion. "The Tale of the Kangaroo" is the most catchy vocal number and is repeated until even a Toronto audience is almost satisfied.

The fare at Shea's Yonge street resort this week is gener ously good. From the moment the Pantzer Trio appeared on the stage introducing some contortionistic work which was little short of marvelous, and calculated to give the shivers to ittle short of marvelous, and calculated to give the shivers to anyone rheumatically inclined, till the kinetograph in an amusing escapade termed "The Pickpocket," which makes very plain the ease with which a "buzzer" can outwit the peace guardians of some other place but Toronto, the audience are kept extremely wide awake. Callahan and Mack in a dialogue, aided by a very neat stage setting, characteristic of semi-rural scenes in the "ould sod," related a few fond recollections which made the "stalls" offered in the late civic election case sound like the fabrications of a four-year-old. The Four Bard Brothers, hand acrobats, didn't take much time, but the audience could have stood for a whole lot more of Four Bard Brothers, hand acrobats, didn't take much time, but the audience could have stood for a whole lot more of the same. Lewis Bloom bloomed like one of Mrs. Wiggs' cabbages. There is nothing tramp about Lewis, except his clothes. His monologue is bright and he has a goodly supply. He is ably assisted in many different ways by the kind Lady of Silent Nook Villa, and together they indulge in a reel which takes all the stiffness out of the back-door man and likewise out of the assemblage. Press Eldridge is a very funny black face artist. He made a few strenuous remarks about mankind in general which were certainly pointed enough, but a few verses of that everlasting song were objectionable and might advisedly be side-tracked.

London and New York are seldom without a play by Mr. James M. Barrie, although the triumph of "The Little Minister" has not been repeated. The Barrie attraction of this season is "Little Mary," a drama which, curiously enough, introduces diet as a central interest. A New York critic has cleverly summed up its teaching by calling it "Sentimental Tummy."

Vesta Tilley will be at Shea's Theater next week. This announcement alone ought to be sufficient to pack the theater at every performance and keep a crowd waiting on the sidewalk to get in at the show. It is ten years since Vesta Tilley was in America. At that time she visited only a few of the larger cities, and orchestra seats never sold for less than \$2.50 each. Miss Tilley receives double the salary ever paid to a single vaudeville performer, and in fact any act that has appeared in vaudeville. This clever little Englishwoman who wears men's apparel so gracefully has a history filled with stage triumphs. In the boy's parts in "Sinbad the Sailor," "Robinson Crusoe," "Queen of Hearts," "The Forty Thieves,"



Pretty Chorus Girls from "The Isle of Spice."

"Robin Hood," and "Dick Whittington," she has been the hit of all these productions. Vesta Tilley was born in England, raised in Birmingham, her father a comedian and manager of the Music Hall. She herself made her first professional debut at the age of five years. From that day to this her career has never known what the word fail means. Many Toron-tonians have seen this clever woman, and thousands more have heard her. The demand for seats indicates that she will heave heard her. The demand for seats inheates that she will break all records at Shea's Yonge street theater. Other splendid features of the bill are Keough and Ballard, who sing, dance and imitate various stage characters; the Quaker City Quartette, in a new musical act, called "The Village Blacksmiths;" Blockson and Burns; the Sandor Trio, herculean gymnasts; the Sisters Gasch, aerobats; Wood and Ray, with a funny bunch of nonsense, and the kinetograph, with new pictures. new pictures.



On Good Friday Mr. E. S. Wil liamson, the well-known Dickens specialist, will present "Pickwick Illustrated" at the Conservatory Music Hall. In this entertainment Music Hall. In this entertainment Mr. Williamson portrays the humorous masterpieces of Dickens, with one hundred stereopticon pictures, from original drawings by Seymour, Buss, "Phiz," Sir John Gilbert, Darley, Onwhyn, Barnard, "Kyd" and other artists. Gionna's orchestra will assist. The plan opens at Tyrrell's Book Shop on Tuesday. 29th instant. Tuesday, 29th instant.

The family of musical farces which has heretofore numbered so many girls at last counts something out of the ordinary. "The Isle of Spice," which has scored such an enormous hit in Chicago, where it was originally produced and presented more than 150 times to packed houses, will be offered for the first time in this city at the Princess Theater for one week beginning Monday, March 21st. It is the work, as usual, of no less than four collaborators, men whose never-flagging zeal and industry in cutting out and putting together these nices no less than four collaborators, men whose never-flagging zeal and industry in cutting out and putting together these pieces suggest four little tailors. The music of "The Isle of Spice" is, it is said, quite above the accustomed level. There are a dozen numbers which catch the ear pleasantly and are likely to be kept in mind for a long time after the curtain is down. More prominent among these, sure to be whistled, are "Peggy Brady," "Mercenary Mary Ann," "While Sam's Marines," "Four Wise Owls," and "The Goo-Goo Man." One of the book's best merits is the negative one of lacking much of the offensive silliness which has characterized some of its predecessors, and it has to be admitted, too, that its exhibitions of onesive siliness which has to be admitted, too, that its exhibitions of exceptional eleverness are rather more widely scattered than might be wished. The cast is said to be one of the best ever seen in musical comedy, and contains many famous names. Miss Alice Yorke of this city, better known as Alice C. Hill, will make her local debut with this company, playing a prominent part

#### Items of Sport.

EVOTEES of the king of sports are gradually coming to the point where there will be a strong outery for true aamteurism in yachting. In land sports—and every aquatic sport, too, except yachting—the man who takes money is branded as a professional and must not mix with the "spotless" lambs in the amateur fold. When a wolf is discovered in the flock there is a rush and the wolf goes out neck and crop.

How about the yachting world?

Every man from the commodore down takes the cash every time he can get his hands upon it, and sees nothing amiss. Why shouldn't the yachtsman who accepts prize-money be branded as a professional the same as the bieyele racer who gets the jingling silver for shooing around a saucer track at a two-minute elin? two-minute clip?

The stock argument in favor of prize-money is that racing

vachts are expensive things and the prize-money goes a lon way to relieve the burden.

Indeed! the financial strain?

Do they require any financial aid? What is the \$300 or

Toronto!

Do they require any financial aid? What is the \$300 or \$400 prize-money to them? Does it amount to a row of shucks? They are able to pay their professional crews without the prize-money. Indeed, some of them distribute the prize-money among their paid hands as a bonus. If they want to reward the men before the mast for their activity and vigilance during a race, let them do it out of their own pockets. They would never feel the strain. Let the club put the money into silverware, prize flags, shields, and similar lasting tokens of supremacy, won in hard-fought battles over the buoyed course. This talk about cash prizes being necessary to meet heavy expenses is begging the question. It is time that the quibbling was ended and yachtsmen lived up to the spirit of the Corinthian rule. The cash prize should be relegated to the shelf along with the professional helmsman. How much more satisfactory it would be if professional skippers were barred from such contests as "Canada's" Cup.

This talk about the boat owners losing interest in the races because of the withdrawal of the prize-money is all balderdash. How many R.C.Y.C. yachtsmen would come out on race days for, the sake of the money there is in it? They come for the excitement keen competition gives to the contest, and trophies that could be hung in the cabin or winter den could not be purchased for a dozen times their value once they were won. Think of the tales such trophies would conjure up around the winter's fire in the den, or in the cabin, as the good craft nosed her way up and down the lake in the good old summer time.

Just while we are on the question of launch racing, don't Just while we are on the question of launch racing, don't you think that now is the proper time for the introduction of legislation regarding construction? Now is the crucial time. Launch-racing is in its infancy. Freak racing machines will kill the sport just as surely as freak racing machines smothered out the interest in yacht racing. Yachtsmen on the great lakes have just succeeded after years of ceaseless striving in legislating the racing shell out of existence. They are having barrels of sport out of racing good wholesome craft and so will launch-owners, too, when this auto-boat racing fad has departed. Just so long as racing restrictions, or rather unrestrictions, permit it, will the wealthy devotee come along with his basket-work hulls and light motors and trim the pet of his more humble neighbor so far that the little the pet of his more humble neighbor so far that the little fellow will feel like taking his launch up into the front lawn for a flower bed. What we want now are stringent regula-tions regarding beam, freeboard, immersed sections, planking, ribbing and general construction, and a strict rule regarding weight of motors per horse power. The limitation of weight in motors will keep high-power engines out of these "plank-on-edge" racing machines. Besides, in the struggle for light-ness, safety, and durability is suffering, and that hurts the sport, too, for no one wants to be always tinkering with a weak motor. These fimsily built boats are, too, a source of much trouble. Compel the construction of boats that will stand the wear and tear of at least two seasons.

What do you think of the coat of whitewash? When sporting organizations composed of men like those



MISS RUTH WHITE



MISS VESTA TILLEY

who are in the Toronto Lacrosse Club, handle such a scandal

in kid gloves, what can be expected from the smaller fry? Can Toronto point the finger of scorn at the Ottawa Lacrosse Club? Ottawa's famous champion team was almost obliterated by a swoop of the guardians of Canadian amateur sport. What is to be the fate of the Torontos? Is this coat whitewash to deceive anybody?

The men who got the money should be named.

Some people laughed at the Marlboros when they came back from Ottawa and characterized their tale of abuse and brutality at the hands of the Ottawas us a hard luck cry and bade them cease whimpering. But just listen to this serial of woe from the Brandon team of Stanley Cup chasers:

"Our faces cut to ribbons by stick butts," "slashed over the head from behind," "glabed when the referee wasn't looking," "cross-checked in the throat and face," "kicked in the ankles."

Does it look as if the Throat and face,

Does it look as if the Toronto boys were whimpering? Does it look as if the formule boys were winingering. Those Brandon chaps are "picked men, every one of them," and they can rough it with anything in the West, where hockey matches are not noted for their gentleness nor players for their Damon and Pythias or Jonathan and Samuel qualities.

CORINTHIAN.

#### Society at the Capital.

HE principal events of the Ottawa season, the Opening of Parliament and the Drawing-room, always bring in their train numerous smaller gay functions for the entertainment of the numbers of strangers who flock to the Capital for this gay period, and each particular hostess of the parkets of to the Capital for this gay period, and each particular hostess appears to have her own particular coterie of friends whom she wishes to entertain. After the Opening ceremonies on Friday afternoon, Mrs. A. G. Blair was the hostess at an exceedingly pleasant tea, devoted almost entirely to married ladies, when Mrs. Snowball, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and her daughter were the guests of honor, and Mrs. Snowball had the pleasure of renewing many old acquaintances as well as forming new ones. Mrs. George Blair of Halifax and Mrs. Hazen Hansard poured tea and coffee and the decorations of white and yellow tulips were very pretty and suggestive of the coming spring. Another bright tea on Friday was that given by Miss Laura Smith at which the honored guest was Miss Ada Lindsay of Montreal, when about fifty young people met and had a jolly afternoon. The Drawing-room on Saturday night was the excuse for many merry supper-parties after the ordeal of the presentation had been gone through, and the hostesses who entertained in this popular manner were Mrs. Duncan Scott, Mrs. F. C. Clemow, Mrs. E. G. Grant, and Mrs. Crysler.

Chrysler.

The popularity of the appointment of the new Speaker of the Commons, Mr. Belcourt was demonstrated on Saturday evening after the conclusion of the presentations, when Mr. and Mrs. Belcourt held a reception in the Chamber of the House of Commons and every person with hardly an exception, after making their bow to vice-Royalty passed on to offer their warmest congratulations to Mr. Belcourt and his charming wife, who was also assisted by her younger sister, Miss Josephte Haycock, who is one of the season's prettiest debutantes.

The State Dinner at Government House on Thursday evening, as well as being more largely attended than on any pre-

The State Dinner at Government House on Thursday evening, as well as being more largely attended than on any previous occasion, was of more than usual interest, as after the dinner, His Excellency went through the pleasant ceremony of presenting the Imperial Service Order medals to Lieutenant-Colonel Henry R. Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons; Dr. Robert Bell, Director of the Geological Survey, and Mr. U. S. Gregory of Quebec, Major Maude reading the warrant in connection therewith. Later on in the evening the usual reception for the wives and daughters of the dinner guests was held by Lady Minto, who wore an exceedingly handsome princess gown of white panne velvet with sparkling sequinatrimming, and was assisted in receiving her guests by Lady Eileen Elliot, looking extremely pretty in a gown of soft white material with touches of blue and forget-me-nots. Miss Horatio Seymour, who was also present, wore a costume of black and white with violets, and a recent guest at Government House, Miss Price of New York, was gowned in a pretty Nile green chiffon costume.

Captain Dyke, A.D.C. to General Sir Charles Parsons, is also

Captain Dyke, A.D.C. to General Sir Charles Parsons, is also at present a guest of His Excellency and Lady Minto.

Among the more recent arrivals in Ottawa are the following, some of whom have come to stay some weeks, while others remained only for the special events of the Opening, and its attendant festivities: Miss Elsie Keefer of Toronto is with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Keefer, at Rockcliffe Manor; Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock arirved on Thursday to pay a short visit to her uncle, Mr. Justice Nesbitt and Mrs. Nesbitt; Miss Sullivan, daughter of the Chief Justice of Prince Edward Island, is staying with her sister, Mrs. Willie Scott; Mr. and Mrs. George Lindsay of Toronto arrived on Friday and will be in the capital for a few days and are Mrs. Drummond Hogg's guests; Mr. and Mrs. T. Leopold Wilson of Metcalfe street have visiting them Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Little of Woodstock and Miss Kennedy of Port Dover, and so on, the list increasing every day.

Woodstock and Miss Kennedy of Port Dover, and so on, the list increasing every day.

Mrs. A. W. P. Buchanan and Mrs. Harold Hampson of Montreal are with Mrs. O'Halloran, wife of the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, and on Friday Mrs. O'Halloran was the hostess at a small tea given for her guests, when many out-of-town visitors were present, among them being Mrs. Douill of Halifax, Mrs. Alfred Denison of Toronto, and Mrs. Fairbanks of Montreal. On the same afternoon Mrs. Douglas and Miss Hill of Lisgar street entertained at the tea-hour in honor of Miss Davidson and Miss Ritchie, who have come from Scotland to visit Mrs. Douglas.

Two or three card parties varied the programme of the week and Mrs. H. Allan Bate's "euchre" on Tuesday evening was particularly jolly, Miss Ada Lindsay of Montreal being the "raison d'etre" of gathering together about fifty of Ottawa's brightest young people, who enjoyed the game thoroughly. Mrs. George Burn entertained on Wednesday night at a bridge party, which, like all evenings devoted to this modern and always popular game, was most enjoyable. Mrs. Burn's out-of-town guests were Miss Eva Miles of Toronto, Miss McGill of Peterboro', Mrs. F. C. Hood of Toronto, and Mr. Ewart of Winnipeg.

Miss McGill of Peterboro', Mrs. F. C. Hood of Toronto, and Mr. Ewart of Winnipeg.

A pleasant rumor is in circulation to the effect that Lady Minto intends giving a skating party in Montreal shortly at the Victoria Rink, when the eight young people who gave such a good exhibition of fancy skating at Lady Minto's party at the Rideau Rink lately, will, it is said, be asked to accompany the vice-Regal party, so that Montrealers will have the opportunity of witnessing what Ottawa skaters can accomplish. The carnival in Aberdeen Rink under the auspices of the Ottawa Hockey Club, which is to come off this evening, is all in readiness for the "button to be touched," and up to the present everyone has been on the tiptee of expectation as to what would be produced in the matter of weather, which, however, is most promising, the clerk of the weather having done ever, is most promising, the clerk of the weather having done his prettiest and a gloriously bright winter's day being the outcome. Government House will contribute to this week's social enjoyment with two dinner parties, one on Wednesday the 16th, and another on the following day.

Ottown Moreh 14th, 1904. THE CHAPERONE.

#### Peace and Ten Acres.

Half the world fightin', Or raisin' a row; But I'm thankful fer peace, An' ten acres to plow

The lark 's in the furrow. The light's on the loam,
And I'm only ten acres—
Thank heaven!—from home.

Let 'em fight out their folly; The bird's on the bough, An' I'm thankful fer peace, An' ten scres to plow -Atlanta "Constitution."

#### Undecided.

One day a certain professor of mathematics at O. University prepared to set out on a short journey on horseback. He was an absent-minded person, and while saddling the animal was thinking out some intricate problem. Some students stood near and watched him abstractedly place the saddle on hind-

part-before.

"Oh, professor," exclaimed one of the group, "you are putting the wrong end of your saddle foremost."

"Young man," replied the professor with some tartness, "you are entirely too smart. How do you know it is wrong, when I have not told you in which direction I intend to go?"

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March

of Eve, for most grievo so gone as than a cent aid of the land had u prone to wi mount of

his pen lead appeared, to worthy Mr.

If true, think of M prospective agree that amount of least, be se The Jus and declare on English spiteful, co commercial the author epigrams, uncomforts enough to by a Scote

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By CANADIENNE.

O attack a nation is absurd; to attack womanhood is worse than a crime—it is a folly. Mr. T. W. H. Crosland wrote a foolish book when he penned the chapters of "The Unspeakable Scot"; but he placed himself in great peril when he sent forth the volume, "Lovely in great peril when he sent forth the volume, "Lovely Woman," which is practically an arraignment of the daughters of Eve, for the various errors which they from time to time most grievously have committed. The age of chivalry is not so gone as Edmund Burke declared it to be something more than a century ago, and the "St. James' Gazette" came to the aid of the berated sex with Bayard-like courage. Mr. Crosland had uttered the following wish:

When I look out upon life in my calmest moments I am prone to wish that all women were widows. If they were, the amount of human suffering on the earth would, to say the least, be sensibly reduced.

The editor of "St. James' Gazette" was moved to wrath.

The editor of "St. James' Gazette" was moved to wrath, his pen leaped from its scabbard and the following paragraph appeared, to be followed by a libel suit, the plaintiff being the worthy Mr. Crosland:

If true, it is of no particular profundity. But when we think of Mr. Crosland, even in his "calmest moments," as a prospective and possibly actual husband, we are inclined to agree that if one woman at any rate were a widow "the amount of human suffering on the earth would, to say the least, be sensibly reduced."

The Justice was not at all moved by Mr. Crosland's plea

least, be sensibly reduced."

The Justice was not at all moved by Mr. Crosland's plea and declared that the book itself was "one of the foulest libels on English womankind." The extracts read from the book were assuredly fierce, such as—"at ten, woman is faithless, spiteful, cruel, merciless, vindictive, and illogical; and at twenty she is the same, only more cunning and a trifle more commercial." Such statements as these were called humor by the author; but the Justice took a more serious view of the epigrams, giving the gentleman of several initials a most uncomfortable quarter of an hour. Someone has been unkind enough to suggest that Mr. Crosland's heart was once crushed by a Scotch lassie of coquettish ways, and he has taken inky vengeance in the two volumes already named. But At No. enough to suggest that Mr. Crosland's heart was once crushed by a Scotch lassie of coquettish ways, and he has taken inky vengeance in the two volumes already named. But the "Gazette" wrote the "most unkindest" criticism of all when it stated concerning Mr. Crosland that his choice of subjects was restricted to "booze and umbrellas" and he could not speak of umbrellas. If there exists a Mrs. Crosland she must be a happy lady, in view of the verdict, and perhaps the author will hear from his hearthstone the dear old refrain, "I told you so." That sprightly journal deservedly known as "Pick-Me-Up" thus comments on the case:

No one objects to woman being made the subject of a good-

No one objects to woman being made the subject of a good-humored jest, but when it comes to metaphorically bludgeon-ing her and pulverizing her fragile form by jumping on her with both feet, it's another matter. Even a humorist must

sacrifice his art to his heart at times.

Oh, lovely woman, let who will

Your trivial faults portray, Despite them all we know you're still
The Hamlet of our play.
You rise above the cynic's sneers,
You shame their puerile wit,
And all the world would be in tears
If you were out of it.

The small boy is usually held up by the press and the pulpit as a thing of mischief and an anxiety forever. But those two youths living near London who discovered the broken rails and hurried to give information, thereby averting a serious railroad accident, are the right kind of citizens. The fact that they waited for neither thanks nor reward is also a credit to the manliness that finds the deed sufficient and cares not for "taffy"—a substance abhorrent to the wholesome boy, save in the concrete form. In fact, anything like fulsomeness usually draws from the young victim only the exclamation, "What're ye givin' us " or "Aw! g'wan!" While the grown-up patronizer is pitying the boy for his awkwardness and blushes, the uncouth youngster is mentally weighing his elderly acquaintance and finding him sadly wanting in savoir faire. Perhaps no novelist has come nearer to giving us the boy in his native independence than George Eliot in Tom Tulliver, who was as stoutly bound a pocket edition of John Bull as ever trudged across an English meadow.

Many weird things are written about Canada in the journals of the United States, and this statement, as scribbled by a woman of lively imagination, is worthy of remark:

"In Canada, where this (becoming frost-bitten) is a common occurrence, it is permissible for a passerby to seize a handful of snow—the cure for frostbite—and rushing up to you apply it (without stopping to ask permission) to that portion of your exposed surface which happens to be frozen."

Would you just listen to that! We have experienced a winter which has made the Oldest Inhabitant turn his face to the wall and give up the ghost without casting a single longing, lingering look behind on the frosty joys he was leaving. But has any one in Toronto seen a frost-bitten person approached by a passerby who straightway applied snow to the afflicted one? Yet the lady says it is a common occurrence, and are we not citizens of the capital of Ontario? Perhaps, in the Klondike, or whatever uncosy corner Alverstone has left us in the far North-West, it may be proper to become frost-bitten on the way to a bargain sale of sealskin, and it may be regarded as a Good Samaritan act for an unruly stranger to rub your ears or nose with a handful of snow or to apply an ice poultice to your congealing brow. But we hasten to assure the "folks over the way" that in Toronto we should not be guilty of such lack of propriety even in first aid to the frozen. Canada means just a little more than a strip of ice somewhere near the North Pole, and we know enough to ask permission when we desire to resent actively the liberties which Jack Frost is taking with the countenance of a friend. We have not suffered this winter more than Buffalo or Rochester, and we urge the consideration of the map of Canada upon United States writers desiring to place upon paper their impressions concerning our temperature and our etiquette in the civilized ncerning our temperature and our etiquette in the civilized

All sorts of queer things come out of Chicago. Its professors are never weary of sending startling information abroad, although the fact that Professor Triggs has just been dropped from the faculty of Chicago University may somewhat check the ardor of the professor with theories to burn. The reason given for omitting to mention Professor Triggs on the list is that he has got into the newspapers entirely too often to display the dignity that should go with academic distinction. I don't believe that Mr. Triggs meant to go wrong and get in the columns of the Sunday journals; but his name was alluring to the journalistic eye and the public ear. Now he can lecture, start a new magazine, have a breakfast food or a rest cure and be a millionaire ever after. "Triggs" Triscuits" would take with the Great Unorthodox, while a book entitled "Why J Went From Chicago" would be sure to sell in St. Louis. However, the latest sensation from a Chicago professor is the assertion that bathing is a flithy practice and that we should go untubbed. We draw the line at an unsoaped savant. In the sacred name of "Pears" which has braved a thousand years (more or less) the grime and the dust of Europe and America, we beg to stand by or fall in the daily bath.

If an ambassador is a person who lies abroad for his country's good, an editor is one who lies at home for his own.—Dr.

Johnson.

Pity is akin to love; but it is a poor relation.—"Life."

Real life has no conclusion but real death, and that is a sad ending to a tale, and one which may as well be left to the imagination when it is possible.—"Adam Johnstone's Son."

The trouble with most actors is that they have never played

a part in real life. Selected. Love is eternal for a whole week after the wedding.

Ever keep Hope, for in this is strength, and he who pe

Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike at venture, stumble forward, make your mark (it's chalk on granite), then thank God.—"One Viceroy Resigns."

The social diplomat is never wiser than his hostess, nor wittier than his host.—"The Cynic's Posy."

The motives you appeal to betray your estimate of the man.—"Life."

Would you say that a beautiful face is more real than a picture of it?-yet the picture will remain long after the face

has passed away. Then should one not rather say that it was the face that was the dream, and the picture the reality?— The Shadow of the Rose.

Touching umbrellas, every man is a Socialist.—"The Cynic's Posy."
I am always afraid that clumsy kindness will step on my

feet.—"Chief Joseph."

Men resemble cats in that they need only to be stroked in the right direction; it becomes, thefefore, a problem only of direction.—"The Critic."

You do not have to eat grubs because they taste sweet to bear.—"Chief Joseph."
Marriages are made in heaven, but you can get very good

imitations down here.—Arthur Pendenys.

An editor of a temperance journal printed on the outside cover of the publication: "For the lamentable results of intemperance, see our inside."—"The Critic."

#### Lavender Leaves.

The waving corn was green and gold
The damask roses blown,
The bees and busy spinning-wheel
Kept up a drowsy drone,
When Mistress Standish, folding down Her linen, white as snow Between it laid the lavender

The slender spikes of grevish green The stender spikes of greyish green
Still moist with morning dew,
Recalled a garden sweet with box
Beyond the ocean's blue,
An English garden, quaint and old,
She nevermore might know;
And so she dropped a homesick tear
That summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew worn and thin. And fell in many a shred; Some went to bind a soldier's wounds, And some to shroud the dead, And Mistress Standish rests her soul Where graves their shadows throw And violets blossom, planted there In summers long ago.

But still between the royal rose And lady lily tall
Springs up the modest lavender
Beside the cottage wall.
The spider spreads her gossamer
Across it to and fro—

Across it to and Iro—
The ghost of linen laid to bleach
One summer long ago.
—"New England Magazine."

#### Burdette and The W C. T. U.

(The Reverend Robert tells the temperance ladies of Los Angeles to leave things to God.)

N the good old days when "Bob" Burdette was an unregen

N the good old days when "Bob" Burdette was an unregenerate newspaper man, and a humorist by way of relaxation, he is said to have known something of practical methods in manipulating a prohibition town. He is now a Baptist minister, and by virtue of his profession and his spiritual experiences, the members of the W.C.T.U. of Los Angeles, an organization consisting of nine hundred members, the largest of its initials under the sun, invited him to make a few remarks. According to the Los Angeles "Times" of March 4, the reverend gentleman thus independently delivered himself:

"You say that prohibition prohibits drinking, but it doesn't. I have been pretty near everywhere hereabout; been beyond the Jordan and among the Arabs, but I never saw a town where a fellow couldn't get a drink of whisky if he wanted

it.

"A man living in Pasadena (a dry town) don't have to come to Los Angeles to get a drink of whisky; he can get it in Pasadena. Every now and then we pick up a man for being drunk on the street, and fine him a hundred dollars. He pays it and goes out to hunt another drink."

The speaker humorously illustrated the prohibition theory by the mother who sought to prohibit her boys from the use of certain dainties by hiding them away in the farthermost corner of the highest shelf, with the inevitable result of sharpening the appetite and strengthening the determination to get at them. He declared that while there was a possibility of preventing the boy getting possession of the coveted article, the enforced abstinence failed to teach him anything, and he would stick to it until he gained his desire.

"Men continue to give their lives to find the North Pole.

It won't be worth anything when they find it, but they'll stick

It won't be worth anything when they find it, but they'll stick to it until they succeed.

"You can't prohibit the use of anything by telling a man he can't have it. You can't cure a man's appetite for whisky by all the legislation in the world. The children of Israel rebelled at their daily supply of fresh breakfast food and longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

"Take a pig out of the stay; wash him, rub him, make him shine like a piece of marble; turn him out and the first thing he will do will be to root the roses out of the garden. He's a pig still.

pig still. "You can't cleanse a man from the outside. You might as well try to cure his appetite for mince pie; he always

wen try to cure his appetite for mince pie; he always liked mince pie and always will.

"God's 'Thou shalt not,' when you get down to the heart of it, means 'Thou ought not.' Teach a man he ought not, and after a while you will cure him. You say it will take a long time. Yes; I think God has been working with us about 7,000



Mr. W. R. Percival Parker. (President of Canadian Club.)

ears. In His own way and in His own time He will bring i

"Leave things to God; don't meddle with His providences "Leave things to God; don't meddle with His providences; don't suggest too many ways to Him.Never lose hope; go on with your work, but remember that 'thou shalt not' is not as good a way as 'thou ought not.'"

There was just a tiny ripple of applause as Mr. Burdette took his seat, but most of the ladies looked their displeasure.

#### Warm Words.

R. WILLIAM WINTER, the dramatic editor of the New York "Tribune," is so incensed with the stupidity of "The Younger Mrs. Parling," a play in which Miss Annie Russell lately appeared, that he

idity of "The Younger Mrs. Parling," a play in which Miss Annie Russell lately appeared, that he has written the following fierce attack on the modern drama. Mr. Winter is well-known as a writer of delicate prose, such as "Old Shrines and Ivy," "Shakespeare's England," "Gray Days and Gold," and his strong words have double force, coming, as they do, from a man who appreciates the true and powerful in literature and drama. He has a peculiar abhorrence for the morbid, unhealthful plays in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Fiske, and the impossible Mrs. Leslie Carter delight. Here is the criticism:

It is a melancholy fact that most of the contemporary things that are graised are praised only because they used to be fine, and because it is hard and painful to admit they are fine no longer. There are more than forty theaters in and about New York, and there scarcely is one of them in which anybody is doing anything that is interesting or important. They are open as wood-yards are open, and scores of persons are sawing wood in them. Veterans, who might have played before Noah, when he landed from the Ark, wander about the flats and totter and mumble. Persons who were "supers" yesterday are "stars" to-day. Three-cornered girls, proclaimed as "actresses," rasp the welkin with voices that rival the screech of the peacock. The slimy muck of Mr. Ibsen and the lunacy of Mr. Maeterlinek are made to trickle into the public mind and turn the public stomach.

Degenerates from foreign lands, provided with rancid plays about libertines and wantons, fix a steadfast gaze on the coast of Greenland and whisper to the scenery in the third groove, and are vaunted as prodigies of "genius" and "intensity." Historical demi-reps of England and France are theatrically celebrated for social delectation. Women whom scandalous divorce has made notorious, diffuse upon the theater their foul repute. Prize-fighters and unspeakable cranks—John L. Sullivan, "Kid" McCoy, and Carrie Nation—are obtruded as "actors." The plays of the hour are mostly

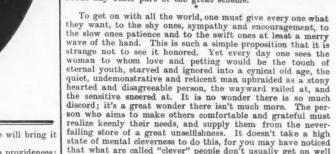
nity of the wet hen. It seems only necessary to pen a hole in the wall and call it a theater, and a multitude rushes into it to sweat and snigger.

#### The Office-Boy's Record.

Monday, hired; Tuesday, tired; Wednesday, fired!—F. R. Batchelder.

"Dear me! I wasn't aware that Mr. Sanders was addicted drink!" "Well, sir, he don't get drunk often, but when he to drink!"
do he do!"

"I was up to see Bill at the 'Orsepital yesterday," "How is he?" "You wouldn't know 'im! They gives the poor fellow a bath every mornin'."



son who aims to make others comfortable and grateful must realize keenly their needs, and supply them from the neverfailing store of a great unselfishness. It doesn't take a high state of mental cleverness to do this, for you may have noticed that what are called "clever" people don't usually get on well with the rest of mankind. A very limited cleverness with a large stock of sympathy, some intuition, and care in observation will make up into a man or woman beloved beyond the ordinary. The great world needs more love rather than more culture, patience rather than asceticism, a strong faith in one's fellows more than an overweening confidence in oneself.

Lady Gay's Column.

HE ways of nature are so old; so much older than the ways of men and women, that we invariably in our expression copy some of them. Have you ever traced out this involuntary imitation? Just as an example of what I say, remark the brooding, portentous sky before a snow storm and watch the face of a sulky person, who will never rage nor tear, but go heavy laden with a cold dislike. Watch the radiant, luminous, dazzling sky at noontide and think of some regal conquering face you have seen and bowed before. Watch the lowering, awful, black skies before a thunder storm and they will recall some violently wrathful face of some tremendous creature, whose words were sword-thrusts and whose tones deep and awful. Watch the most capricious, wilful and lovable face of the most impulsive and emotional woman you know, and is it not as the skies of April with their rage of showers and penitent dropping tears and sudden burst of sunshine that almost laughs down upon you; and lastly watch the turbulent clouds drifting before the storm, blotting out the sky and hurrying without aim or volition to some far away void. Are they not the reckless, the wayward, the foredoomed, hastening to the inevitable end? The tenderness of the young June moon may be so kind as to recall that first shy look of love on the face that was the only one we could see. The broad wide, pure light of Luna at her fullest may remind one of the gracious motherhood that beams from some sweet and peaceful woman's eyes, and so, ad infinitum, about any other part of the great scheme.

To get on with all the world, one must give every one what

Lady Gay's Column.

Here is a little funnigram for out-of-town readers. A cer-Here is a little runnigram for out-of-town readers. A certain stately and pompous gentleman arrived at home and enquired of the servant maid, "Do you know anything of your mistress's whereabouts?" "I think," said the maid, risking a guess at an unknown quantity, "that they're in the wash."

Last night a curious dream came into my slumbers, after Last night a curious dream came into my slumbers, after I had supped not wisely but too well, and in the fullness of my heart (and elsewhere) had protested that I could be perfectly happy in a place which is not the Queen City. It seemed that all the people whom one hears eternally grumbling because they don't live in some other place than their home were allowed to choose and secure their own particular abode. Our city became congested with newly-arrived visitors. One's friends were away, some in England, some in Paris, some down South. Familiar windows had unfamiliar faces looking through them. The theaters were packed with a hetersome down South. Familiar windows had unfamiliar faces looking through them. The theaters were packed with a heterogeneous crowd who were bored, shocked, or delighted with what we philosophically accept as amusement. One heard criticism of many good and few bad features of city life, the telephone girls went out on strike for higher wages on account of the wear and tear of the newcomers. The papers were full of glee over this rush to some places or wailing over the desertion of others. Then slowly, there came a reaction and one by one, some old-timers sneaked back to their former abodes and our own absentees came anologycically back to Toronto. and our own absentees came apologetically back to Toronto, until I awoke with the cry of a darky porter in my ears to or "get up, just twenty minutes to Union Station." I don't believe in my dream a bit, and cannot imagine what sent it my way.

A man said to me one day lately: "Having succeeded in my aims, got possession of everything I strove for and being at the top of the ladder, I can still only eat one dinner a day!" There was a whole world of disappointment and lack of inspiration in that whimigical statement, the tone of which has echoed down the ages through song and story, through prophet's plaint and cynic's cry. "One can only eat one dinner a day." It isn't the least use ordering two or three, as one sees so many doing in fatuous folly. "One can only eat one dinner a day." The others may be wasted, given away, or allowed to stand in mocking array, but only one is personally of use. Disentangle the truth from the motley, some of you, and make no mistake about the significance of the quaint utterance, "I can still only eat one dinner a day."

LADY GAY.

#### A Wail From Wiarton.

ORRIBLE have been the tales of privation from such far-off towns as Kincardine, Seaforth and Walkerton. Seaforth was out of sugar and coal oil for several days and called in vain for kerosene. Kincardine was practically cut off from the rest of the Province for a season and began to wonder what a Toronto paper looked like. But Wiarton has had all sorts of adversity, her woes culminating when the town paper could not be published because the sup-



A Mile from Wiarton (Amateur photograph by J. I. Frank Anthes.)

ply of paper was exhausted. It is enough to bring tears to eyes all unused to weep when one considers the state of that community, for as the poet forgot to remark—

We may live without sermons—
They merely confuse.
But where is the man
Who can live without news?"

But where is the man Who can live without news?" But the glad tidings comes from the member for Center Bruce that Kincardine has struggled back into daylight, Sea-forth is to be congratulated on being able once more to light the parlor lamp, while Wiarton is on the way to being dug out and given a reviving drink, ere the iron hand of Prohibition does away with the bar-nacles.

J. G.

#### Understood.

Now that the restaurant under the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington city is closed for repairs, sandwiches only are being served. The guests of this famous place stand and eat their luncheon around a counter, but tables and chairs are still to be found behind the line of lunchers. A few days ago a very proinnent Catholic gentleman entered and, ignoring the line of sandwichers, passed inside and took a chair at a table. A waiter approached him and asked:

"What will you have?" He bent over the guest with great deference.

deference.

"Fish, bread and butter, and coffee," replied the Catholic.

"I'm sorry, suh," replied the waiter, "but we are only serving ham sandwiches."

"Then you may bring me a ham sandwich and coffee," gravely returned the gentleman; "the Lord knows I asked for fish."



Driver Spence-Confound this cold weather! The water's froze and they've all slipped off but the Premier.

Calhoun and Clay had a row in the Senatorial cloak-room, and everyone thought there would be a duel, and watched to sue them meet. They met in Pennsylvania avenue, and Calhoun marched right down toward Clay, and, with a scowl, hissed: "I never turn out for scoundreis!" Clay, turning out, and bowing, said: "I always do." It was the sting of a wasp.

Mrs. Van Rennselaer Cruger tells a story of a Washington hostess who invited an attache of one of the foreign legations to dine with her. The invitation was formally accepted, but on the morning of the appointed day a note, written by the foreigner's valet, was received, which read: "Mr. Blank regrets very much that he will not be able to be present at Mrs. Swift's dinner to-night, as he is dead."

Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota
says that once when Bishop Whipple
was visiting some Sloux Indians on the
Wahpeton reservation he asked the
chief if it would be safe for him to
leave his vestments in the tepee, while
he went fiften miles across the prairie
to visit a dying man. The chief repiled: "Perfectly safe, Bishop. Nothing will be stolen. There is not a white
man within fifty miles of us."

At a certain dinner table with General Miles the other night was a distinguished Washington surgeon who listened with a certain air of superiority to some of the soldier's reminiscences of various experiences during the Civil War. "And how do you feel, General," he finally asked, with just a touch of sarcasm, "after you've professionally killed a man?" "Oh," replied General Miles, "I dare say I don't mind doing that any more than you do."

A bon mot credited to James Rudolph Garfield has of late been going the rounds of Washington. Mr. Garfield at a dinner party sat next to a Frenchwoman. This woman praised her own country very highly. Particularly she praised French politeness. "The French," she said, "are the politest people in the world." Mr. Garfield smiled. The other, a little piqued at his smile, said: "You Americans all admit, don't you, the superiority of French politeness?" Mr. Garfield answered: "We do, madam. That is our politeness."

Brander Matthews, who has the chair of dramatic literature in Columbia University, recently listened to the reading of a paper by one of his most promising pupils. "Sardou represents a distinct type of the drama which he originated," said the young man. "What description of that type do you offer?" asked the professor. "Theatrical plays closely packed with interest mark the Sardine drama," replied the young man, promptly and earnestly. "Young man," laughed Professor Matthews, "with a can-opener you may yet evolve the great American play."

A story of quick wit comes from Holland. Barend Vet of The Hague was arrested for calling a constable a monkey, and was sentenced to forty-five days' imprisonment. The judge informed him that he must not insult the police, and that to call a constable a monkey was a serious offence. The culprit reflected, then enquired: "Would it be any crime to call a monkey a constable?" "Certainly not," replied the judge, "if it would give you any satisfaction." Vet turned to the prosecuting attorney, and, with an elaborate bow, said, "Good-day, constable."

Browning had a maid in his service

Browning had a maid in his service who had a gift for saying quaint things. When the poet was going to pay the last mark of respect to George Henry Lewes, she said she "didn't see the good of catching cold at other people's funerals." And once, when he was away on a holiday and a journalist came to the door to enquire if it was true that the poet was dead, she indignantly answered: "I have not heard so, and I am sure my master is not the kind of a man to do such a thing without letting us know."

In the Senate, the other day, while

In the Senate, the other day, while Bailey and Tillman were both on their In the Senate, the other day, while Bailey and Tillman were both on their feet arguing heatedly, Senator Warren tiptoed to Tillman's side and took from the South Carolina senator's pocket a bottle. It contained a color-less liquid, Wayren promoved the contained to the state of the state of

ATLAS OF

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means "A Mind Conscious of Rectitude." An ex-Confederate shoemaker had opened a shop on the opposite side of the street. That Yankee's Latin words puzzled him for a long time. He wanted to get even, and he finally solved the problem, concluding to get more than even. One morning when the Yankee opened his shop he glanced across the street and discovered that his Confederate competitor had a great big sign bearing the remarkable legend: "Men's and Women's Conscia Recti."

Mr. Nesbit, who had painted a picture of the noble red man in war-paint and feathers, wanted an unbiased opinion of his work. His wife said that the picture was the best thing of the kind that she had ever seen. His dearest friend, too, was decidedly enthusiastic. Both declared, in short, that anyone would know at a glance that it was intended for an Indian. "To tell thruth," said Nesbit, looking somewhat doubtfully at the picture, "I haven't a great deal of confidence in either of you. You always praise everything I do. Now I'm going down to the street to see if I can't find some person who can be depended upon to give me an absolutely unprejudiced opinion of this picture—a child, for instance. Children always tell the truth." Five minutes late Nesbit returned with three small boys, whom he had found playing marbles. "Now, boys," he said, "take a good look at this picture. "I'll give each of you sixpence if you'll tell me just exactly what you see." "A rooster!" shouted the three boxs, simultaneously. Mr. Nesbit, who had painted a pic

#### The Optimist.

I'm born un brave Canadien— I'm call' Baptiste Forgeron, I'm not moche politician me, Jus' only Habitant,

But I can tell jus' by the de way Dose Yankees kick de dus' Dat 'fore I'm ten year older me, Dere's someting going to bus'. But I have got de clevaire head, Dere's noting rattle me; I drink de health to Englan', hein! —Or, les Etats-Unis!

De papers say pore Canadaw Is get it on de neck; But she's not cry about de Wes'; She's livin' in Quebec.

So when de red coats mak' de marc An' ban' she toot, ma foi! I'm Breetish all ma inside out— Hooray! Long vive le roi!

Mais—if de red coats change to blue, Dat mak' de march souvent, Den, tout de suite, I go for cheer Monsieur le President!

So dey may raise de Stars an' Striper Or wave de Union Jack— Blen! I cheer so long's I get Good whiskey an' tobac! MAZO DE LA ROCHE.

"Know him? I should say so! We are husbands-in-law." "Eh?" "Our wives were divorced from the same man."—Ex.

#### A Test Experiment. Peculiar Power Possessed by a New Medi-

Of new discoveries there is no end but one of the most recent, most re-markable, and one which will prove inmarkable, and one which will prove invaluable to thousands of people, is a discovery which it is believed will take the place of all other remedies for the cure of those common and obstinate diseases, dyspepsia and stomach troubles. This discovery is not a loudly advertised, secret patent medicine, but is a scientific combination of wholesome, perfectly harmless vegetable essences, fruit, salts, pure pepsin and bismuth.



These remedies are combined in uzenge form, pleasant to take, and will reserve their good qualities indefinite-r, whereas all liquid medicines rapidy lose whatever good qualities they nay have had as soon as uncorked and

feet arguing heatedly, Senator Warren tiptoed to Tillman's side and took from the South Carolina senator's pocket a bottle. It contained a color-less liquid. Warren removed the cork, smelled the contents of the bottle, then restored the latter to Tillman's pocket. Tillman did not know why the Senate and galleries were in uproars of laughter, but Balley, who had seen the byplay, exclaimed: "When this vaudeville performance has ceased, I shall be glad to go on!" So the chair rapped the Senate to order.

Elmer E. Johnston, executive commissioner of the Washington World's Fair exhibit, is attracting a great deal of favorable attention in St. Louis, Fecently Mr. Johnston gave the St. Louis people some strong advice against extortion, and the other day he told a reporter a little story. "Seeing all these buildings going up," he said, "reminds me of a hospital dedication that I attended last October. We had the builder of the hospital there, and we called on him to make a speech. He was a big, ruddy chap, timid and embarrassed. He got up, bowed awkwardly and began: "Ladies and gentlemen, I guess I am better fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

John Allen of Mississippi, says that after the Civil War a Yankee shoemaker opened a cobbler's shop in Vicksburg. Over the sign bearing his name and business he fixed the Latin aphorism, "Mens Conscia Recti," which A Marvellous Book.

Tablets give it both, by digesting the food for it and in a short time it is restored to its normal action and vigor. At the same time the Tablets are sn harmless that a child can take them with benefit. This new preparation has already made many astonishing cures, as, for instance, the following:
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ty, Mo.
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents for full-sized packages. A little book on "Stomach Diseases" mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich.

A Royal City.

A Royal City.

A WRITER in "Modern Society" gives the following interesting the following interesting of Alfred the Great: "In the British Museum is the charter of the foundation of the new Minister of Winchester, dated 964; and the Duke of Devonshire possesses a certain manuscript of St. Aethelwold of about the same date, shining with gold and gorgeous with color, telling even then of ancient privileges and gifts and glories belonging to the capital city of Saxon England. "This was the church which witnessed the conversion of Canute the Dane, when he gave his adhesion to the religion of his new subjects. Followed by his Northmen, the stalwart Sea King came up the aisle. He humbly knelt, and, detaching the golden Crown from his helmet, offered it up there and then in token of fealty. It was suspended over the head of the White Christ upon the cross over the high altar, where it hung for centuries until swept away with other treasures in King Harry Tudor's time.

"The bones of the mighty Dane lie

thung for centuries until swept away with other treasures in King Harry Tudor's time.

"The bones of the mighty Dane lie coffined in Winchester Cathedral today, reared high on the screen of the choir; and there, in the rude stone coffers, unburied, lie Hardthacanute; Emma, Edward's Queen; Godwin, the famous Earl, and many other people of renown. Nowhere on English ground does one realize the dignity of our kingdom more than one is forced to do at Winchester. The beams of the roof of the cathedral transepts were a gift from William the Conqueror. The iron gates by the western door are the oldest piece of 'grille-work' in Britain; the scrolled leaves rolled back to receive the body of the Conqueror's son, the Red King, slain by an arrow 'shot at a venture' in the forest hard by.

"They opened, too, for the Empress Maud when she came hither to conclude peace with Stephen, who had snatched at her son's throne. Richard the Lionheart passed that door when after his splendid wars and his weary captivity, he came to resume his crown, for he ordered himself a fresh coronation, feeling he had indeed returned from the dead. Twelve bishops carried the regalia on that day, and was borne on the lances of twelve earls.

"Here came John, caltiff son of gal-Here came John, caitiff son of gal-

"Here came John, caitiff son of gallant sire, as a penitent craving pardon from offended priests. Men trembled when the vesper bell came crashing from the tower that day, killing a monk as it fell, and when some mysterious power scattered the relics on St. Swithun's shrine—portents of evil abundantly realized in the following days. "Centuries after, when Wykeham's fanlike vaulting had almost hidden the grim Norman stonework, and his glorious pillars made the nave what it is today, a great ceremonial took place in

grim Norman stonework, and his glorious pillars made the nave what it is today, a great ceremonial took place in the cathedral. Henry VII. and his Yorkist Queen brought their son, the Prince of Wales, to his christening. The 'Earl of Oxinforde' carried the child, wrapped in a 'manitell of cremesyn cloth of goold, furred with ermyn.' The great gold font was brought from the Tower of London, and the Prince dipped bodily into the water. Then the poor pale Queen herself took him to the altar and laid him naked on the great shrine, weeping as she did so—tears of joy, her heartless husband called them—but Elizabeth had suffered deeply, and was 'ever of a fearful soul.' The Prince, afterwards the first husband of Catherine of Aragon, died in his first youth, leaving to his brother Henry his Spanish bride and his heirship to the crown.

"Catherine's daughter Oueen Mary

Spanish bride and his heirship to the crown.

"Catherine's daughter, Queen Mary Tudor, was married to the King of Spain in this same church. Philip and his four thousand gentlemen came crowding through the gates. The Queen's Majesty, fushed for once with hope and joy, forgot her terrible girlhood, 't'wixt axe and crown,' forgot the troubles looming in the future, and plighted her troth while the cannon boomed and bells clashed out, and heralds proclaimed the mighty titles and 'purtenances' of England and the Spains. One can yet see the huge iron hooks where they hung the cloth of arras and sarsenet, which turned the nave that day into a sumptuous vista of color and gold for the wedding of the Queen.

"Charles I. and Henrietta Maria."

of color and gold for the wedding of the Queen.

"Charles II. and Henrietta Maria, Charles II. and the beauties of his court—all, in their turn, came here to Winchester; as, too, did Cromwell, who mounted his cannon on the heights above the town, and stabled his horses under the cathedral roof. Richard Cromwell, once Lord High Protector, lived and died at Hursley, five or six miles away. Since then the old city has been deserted by kings and queens, and its royalty is but a matter of memory. The statue of Alfred now keeps watch over the town he loved so well, and the curfew bell yet rings out its nightly note."

#### Moral Suasion.

The car porter, noticing that the pas-

The car porter, noticing that the passenger's head did not look entirely easy, thoughtfully brought him a pillow, which he tendered with a smile. The passenger waved it away impatiently after a suspicious look.

"Le' me fix it fo' yo', sah," urged the porter: "yo' don't look exactly comfortable, nohow, en' yo've no ideah how that pillow will contribute to you' ease. It res' you' hald suhprisin'—en' it don cos' yo' a cent. No, sah. Ah jes' lak ter see mah passengers comfo'table."

The passenger eyed the pillow with an undecided air, but did not move his head.

an undecided air, but did not move his head.

"It's free, sah," smiled the porter;
"Ah ain't tryin' ter wo'k yo'. There's some folks thinks that each tahm a portah shows some little attention he's lookin' fo' a quatah. En' there's some portahs on the cyahs that is lak that, but Ah don' expec' er gent'mum ter put his han' in his pocket each tahm Ah does somethin' fo' him. No, sah. Le' me fix this yer pillow underneef yo' haid now. Yo'il feel bettah fo' it."

His tone of good-natured appeal was irresistible. The passenger said, "Well, and raised his head, and the pillow was quickly and deftiy adjusted beneath it. Then the porter stood back and surveyed the result approvingly. "No, sah," he said, apparently continuing a train of thought, "Ah don' expect er gent'mun ter put his han' in his pocket each tahm Ah does some trifini little thing fo' him. Some people is lak that, but Ah ain't. Ah reckon it pays in the



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long run," he added, with an ingenious giggle. "Ah've been pow'ful lucky.

"One gent'mum in this cyah the last trip wus so't o' ailin' en mis'uble, en' o' cose Ah did what Ah could fo' him. One tahm when Ah'd gin him er pillow he offered me ha'f er dollah. Ah says, 'No, sah, Ah don' want yo' to feel you'-s'ef obligated ter put yo' han' down in yo' pocket every tahm Ah does a little thing lak that.' En' he put the half-dollah back. But when he got off the cyah at Albuquerque he jes' nachully give me er five-dollah bill."

The passenger closed his eyes wear-ily, "hogger the your long state of the cyah at Albuquerque he jes' nachully give me er five-dollah bill."

ily. "Ernuther tahm—" began the por-

"Ernuther tanm—" began the porter.

The passenger grunted and, putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out some small changed, and handed the porter a quarter, which he took with an air of

a quarter, which he took with an air of surprise.

"Why—Ah—thank yo', sah," he said,
"Ah hope you' didn't think Ah intended to wo'k yo' fo' that. Ah didn't intend you' should fel yo's'ef obligated ter put yo' han'—"

"Oh, cut it out!" said the passenger, impatiently; "I want to go to sleep."
"Yessah, suhtainly, sah," said the porter.—Chicago "News."

Popular Ottawa Man in Luck. Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him of Stone in the Kidneys.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, the Well-known Sportsman, Tells Why He is Grateful to the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Ottawa, Ont., March 14 .- (Special.) Few people in the capital are as well known and popular as Mr. "Sam" Cas-sidy, proprietor of the Bijou Hotel, Metcalf street. As a hunter and fisher-Metcalf street. As a hunter and fisher-man of more than local reputation, he has become known to followers of the rod and gun all over the country, and many of the members of Parliament who make an annual sojourn here are

who make an annual sojourn here are counted among his personal friends. The news, therefore, that he has found a complete cure for a dangerous malady will give general satisfaction. Speaking of it, he says:
"My friends all know that I have been troubled for years with Stone in the Kidneys; that though I consulted the best physicians and tried nearly every remedy I could think of, I was unable to get better.
"Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a lost resort I tried them, and they have cured me. I cannot imagine more severe suffering than one endures who

have cured me. I cannot imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has Stone in the Kidneys, and I feel the warmest gratitude towards Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills

will cure it.

#### The Land of no Extremes.

The English Midlands. The English Midlands.

HE typical Midland character, like the typical Midland scenery, is above all things moderate, sensible. utilitarian even though Shakespeare was samong the most glorious things in the world; so also are the everlasting mountains and the perpetual hills; yet mountains and the perpetual hills: yet to me there is a home-sickness among snow-capped peaks and foaming torrents—a longing for something more restful, more commonplace. To me there is a beauty and a pathos in the lives and characters of ordinary men and women, that are utterly lacking in the heroes and heroines of romance. I do not say that the real is better, though less beautiful, than the ideal: I say that it is both better and more beautiful, in its own way, and for those who will take the trouble to understand it. But then, I was born in the Midlands!

A little girl I knew once went to a

A little girl I knew once went to a wedding, and was thrilled to the core with the excitement and the flowers, and the function and the music, and and the function and the music, and the utter unusualness of it all. She enjoyed it to the verge of ecstasy. But in that terrible aftermath of reaction, which we all know—after the bride and bridegroom have left, and when the servants are beginning to clear up and the guests to clear out—she lifted up her small voice and wept, exclaiming, "I wish this day had been like other days!"

her small voice and wept, exclaiming,
"I wish this day had been like other
days!"

That child expressed a feeling which
is common to us all—the natural
shrinking of the healthy, normal mind
from what is abnormal and extraordinary. We may not like to confess it:
we may maintain the Irishman's theory that "the majority of people are
above the average"; but in the depths
of most of our souls we are wishing
that this day should be like other days
—we are happlest when things are going on "in the usual way." Mountains
may be all very well for a holiday excursion; but who wants to have a
place of business on the edge of the
eternal snows? Celebrities may be delightful to sit next to at a dinner party,
but who wants coruscating wit and untring epigram at a tete-a-tete breakfast-table?

And this is a particularly English
state of mind—this delight in what is
ordinary and usual and normal. We
have an idea—whether correct or incorrect I cannot say—that Southern
races derive their supremest joy from
secret intrigues and poisoned stilettos,
and sill the other impediments of unrestrained passion. But we English are
not like that. We may think it is a
very swagger thing to play with the
Commandments, but we are really uncomfortable if we break one. We may
pretend that we hanker after primrose

paths of unlawful pleasure, or fascinating slopes that lead down to Avernus: but that is all humbug. At the bottom of our respectable hearts we prefer straight, wide, macadamized roads that lead us, up gradual inclines, to better things. (But we do not like even our heavenward path to be too steep or too thorny: like everybody else, we have the defects of our qualities.)

In religion also they keep to the via media, and are active church workers rather than devout mystics. The typical Midlander is either a sound churchman or an energetic Nonconformist; but he rarely leans either to Ritualism on the one hand or to Revivalism on the other. His religion—like everything about him—is marked with the Midland hall-mark of common sense; and here, as elsewhere, he avoids extremes. He is the sort of man who would make an inferior hermit, but an admirable churchwarden—the type of person who would hopelessly bungle a miracle, but would successfully build and endow a church.

Even as regards time, the people of

would successfully build and endow a church.

Even as regards time, the people of the Midlands keep to the middle way, avoiding on the one hand the morbid decadence of modern thought, and on the other the impractical superstition of the days of chivalry; yet, nevertheless, combining the stir and activity of modern life with certain elevating and respectable traditions.

In the political life of the Midlands we see yet more forcibly the prevalence of that moderate cast of mind which avoids all extremes. The typical Midland voter is clear-headed and sensible, imbued with the courage of his convictions, yet not carried away by wild enthusiasm. His Judgment must be convinced rather than his emotions roused; but when once it is convinced then he will strenuously uphold and untiringly fight for that which he considers right. Surely it was the yeomen of his native place that the greatest Midlander had in his mind when he wrote:

"And you good yeomen, Whose limbs were made in England, show us here The mettle of your pasture; let us

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not; For there is none of you so mean and base That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips, Straining upon the start. The game's afoot; Follow your spirit, and upon this

Follow your spirit, and upon this charge cry God for Harry! England! and Saint George!"

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

#### Pity Mainly Sentimental

William H. Taft lectured recently in Philadelphia on the Philippines.
Mr. Taft remarked, at the end of his lecture, that there was too much sentimental pity in the world.
"People — the poorest and most wretched people—are happier than we think, as a rule," he said. "To eat when one is hungry, to sleep well and comfortably, to warm one's self after a day's work in the cold—are not they who have these things often happy enough?

who have these things often happy enough?
"No matter how wretched we are, we hold that our lot is not a bad one, and we pity someone worse off. In a storm at sea one night two sallors, their clothing frozen to their bodies,

their clothing frozen to their bodies, hung to a rope as the waves washed over them.
"'I say, Bill,' says one.
"'Wot is it, mate?' says the other.
"'Think o' the poor fellers caught at a picnic in such weather as this.'"

#### One and Only.

Roxley—I hear you are engaged to narry Miss Oldgold, the heiress. Shortun—That's right. Roxley—Any encumbrances on her

property?
Shortun—None—er—except Miss Old-gold.—"Illustrated Bits."

#### Women's Voices.

"Women's voices are no longer low and sweet," says Lady Violet Greville, in the London "Graphic," "whether in trains, omnibuses, clubs, hotels, or theaters women talk loudly and shrilly. They can be heard at the other end of a room, and domestic concerns of a purely personal nature are, in spite of one's efforts, being constantly over-heard. The tones, too, of the voice are

paths of unlawful pleasure, or fascinating slopes that lead down to Avernus: sometimes been startled to find that a sometimes been startied to find that a speaker was a woman, so masculine and loud rang the timbre of her voice. When it is added to this that women wear swishing silk skirts and carry jingling bangles and chains and chatelaines, it will easily be surmised that a company of ladies is no longer soothing."

Asking questions is a fine art, but some people who teach school will not take pains to master it. Then when they have framed a question improperly and get a suitable answer, though not the one they are searching for, they blame the innocent pupils. For example: Said a bright young lady teacher to a little boy in the arithmetic class: "Johnny, if your paps were to give your mamma a ten-dollar bill and a twenty-dollar bill and a five-dollar bill, what would she have?"

"A fit," was Johnny's prompt reply.—Silas Xavier Floyd in "Lippincott's Magazine."

#### The Bland Historian.

Agitated Chorus of Powers (to China)—You really mustn't interfere, you know!
China (wearing historic smile)—Chinaman him velly busy muchee time chop. Him composey war teleglams all about biggee scrap-scrap. Him allee lite. (Promptly despatches another ten thousand men.)



Open the tin, turn out, and you have a most nourishing and wholesome dish which retains all the virtues of Prime Roast Beef. Clark's name guarantees the quality.

W. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL

## Snow..... White

Windsor Salt is as pure and as white as driven snow. There are no impurities or black specks in it—it is all salt. You hear this everywhere, "As pure and white as Windsor

Windsor Salt ----



DOMINION BREWERY CO.

BREWERS and MALSTERS

Manufacturers o-the Celebrated...

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and INDIA PALE ... AL

The above brands are the genuine extrac Malt and Hope'



J AME ide rig gos that who then it This do deal of to for on hentirely yery str very stromake per you're rithat nee killing a and ever the finis goal. goal.

Having will now or so in happy f King wanumber
Throne.

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#### The Son of Mary Queen of Scots.

AMES I. began to reign with the idea that kings possessed a divine right. That is to say, that the gospel according to James was that when a king said it was so, why, then it was so even if it wasn't so. This doctrine landed him in a good deal of trouble that was quite uncalled for on his part, but for which he was entirely to blame. You have to be a very strong man indeed if you want to make people agree with you, whether you're right or wrong. It is a position that needs a great deal of pushing and killing and other unnecessary pursuits, and even then you may get downed at the finish before you're reached your goal.

Having finished our little sermon, we Having finished our little sermon, we will now proceed to take an incident or so in the reign of James. This unhappy faculty of considering that the King was always right led to a great number of conspiracies against the Throne. Now and again the other side would have a strong opinion that they, too, were right, and as the scientiss say, when an irresistible force meets an immovable body, something's got to go, anyway. The best known of these conspiracies is known in history as the Gunpowder Plot, an affair which has done much to stimulate the home trade in masks and fireworks. But for the one much to stimulate the nome trade in masks and fireworks. But for the Gunpowder Plot little boys would have no inducement nowadays to black their faces and to walk round cadging for halfpennies on the strength of being, in a humble way, instrumental in sav-ing the King and the Parly-ment from disaster.

ing the King and the Parly-ment from disaster.

Guy Fawkes was invited to do the job. Guy was an adventurer who was prepared to take on anything with a bit of danger in it; and the Gunpowder Plot suited him down to the ground. He had been fighting in Holland for a good many years; but as things were arranged in those days you could only kill one man at a time, and that was rather slow work for a really thorough sportsman. When he was asked to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and realized that he could wipe out a couple of hundred of people at one splash, Guy said to the conspirators that he was their man, and they could consider it a go. He made his preparations most elaborately, and was ready to apply the fatal match when some people who had come to watch his movements intimated that the gaff was blown. A few moments later Guy was downed by a couple of soldiers and securely hand-cuffed, and he was then dragged off to the King's presence. As a matter of fact, the King was at home in bed at a couple of soldiers and securely handcuffed, and he was then dragged off to
the King's presence. As a matter or
fact, the King was at home in bed at
that particular moment, so that he
wouldn't have been hurt by the explosion, anyway. When the King was informed that a conspirator was being
dragged in by the neck, his Majesty
wanted to know whether they couldn't
lay the conspirator on ice so that he
would keep fresh till the morning. Finding that his presence was absolutely
necessary, however, his Majesty
strolled down to the throne room in his
dressing gown and one sock, and told
Guy he ought to be ashamed of himself for making a conspiracy at that
hour of the night, when all decent people were in bed and asleep. Guy said
he was awfully sorry, but he had to
obey his orders. That gave James the
cue, and he asked Guy where the orders came from. Guy, however, was a
sport to the backbone, and he declined
to split. James said it was a dreadful
nulsance, but he supposed they would
have to get the torturing machinery
out in order to wrench the truth from
the prisoner. While they were waiting
for the special apparatus, somebody
dropped a few live coals down Guy's
back with the view of compelling him
to speak. Guy then spoke, and James
said he had never heard such language
in his life; and one of the Bishops, who
never missed a good thing like this,
had to stop his ears with his fingers in
order to dodge some of Guy's coruscating vocabulary.

As Guy remained obdurate the in-

had to stop his ears with his fingers in order to dodge some of Guy's coruscating vocabulary.

As Guy remained obdurate the instruments of torture were rushed in, and while one of the party crushed the prisoner's toes one by one with a toe-twister, another began to flay him allye with a two-bladed penknife with a corkscrew in it. Unfortunately for those who had gathered in anticipation of a good evening's sport, Guy didn't last out long enough to satisfy the house. He had the bad taste to die just as the entertainers were tossing up to see who should have the delightful job of cutting off the prisoner's feet with a blunt saw. Considering that it is highly probable that one at least of the men who had employed Guy helped to betray him to the authorities, Guy's refusal to divulge any names, even under stress of cruel torture, must surely rank as a splendid thing in the annals of herolsm. Yet the best that posterity can think to say of him is—hang him on a lamp-post, and there let him die! nose who had gathered in anticipation of a good evening's sport, Guy didn't ast out long enough to satisfy the louse. He had the bad taste to die ust as the entertainers were tossing up to see who should have the delightful ob of cutting off the prisoner's feet with a blunt saw. Considering that it is highly probable that one at least of the men who had employed Guy helped to betray him to the authorities, Guy stefusal to divulge any names, even ander stress of cruel torture, must surely rank as a splendid thing in the annals of herolsm. Yet the best that posterity can think to say of him is—nang him on a lamp-post, and there let him die!

One of the remarkable things in Piccadilly. His predecessor, Dr. Jel-

James' life is that he never had any desire to have a go at the French, or, indeed, at anybody else. As the crowns of England and Scotland were united in himself, he had no reason to have a war with the Scots, and so he stayed at home and toasted his feet on the fender instead. He had a little domestic trouble with his wife Annie; but as the evening papers of the period were not allowed to get hold of the news, the court managed to hush everything up most successfully. After all, the worst that is known against Anne is that she was very frivolous and excessively gay, and it is more than likely that she always erred on the right side, so to speak. The probability is that she was a jolly girl, full of healthy animal spirits; and some crotchety old historian, who had liver complaint and chronic gout, was worried to find that she could be a queen and still moderately happy. Contrary to the expressed wish and desire of his enemies, James died in his bed, and his end-was peace.

—"Pick-Me-Up."

#### The Frog's Biography.

(By a recent decision of U. S. Customs authorities, frogs' legs, for importation, are to be classed as dressed poultry.)

As fish he is born, yet with expectation of viewing this world from a dry situation, And while without limbs He gracefully swims, He dreams, and the trend of his high aspiration (Although he is fond Of life in the pond)

Is ever directed upon emigration.

His wishes are granted: a great trans wishes are granted: a great trans-formation
placed the fish in a higher location;
And quitting the marsh,
With voice shrill and harsh,
recelaims to the world that through
transmigration

transmigration
A fish no longer,
But bigger and stronger,
life is renewed in the quadruped
station.

Still, though he enjoys the new sequestration,

Ambition points higher to his destination

tration,
Ambition points higher to his destination.
So he essays to show
The world he can crow,
But his efforts all fail to receive acclamation;
The world, as a joke,
Takes his harsh-sounding croak,
Which was meant to produce a mos pleasant sensation.

But we never can tell what fluctuation
Of fortune will save us from degradation
And so with the frog,
He's traveling incog.,
As POULTRY: The Customs, by grave
declaration.

declaration,
Treat him as a bird,
And thus, stage the third,
And thus, stage the third,
In fish, flesh and fowl, his triple relation
—R. E. Cringan.

#### Suicides Are All Dyspeptics.

ferrible Despondency the Worst Feature of Stomach Trouble — Dodd's Dyspepsia Stomach Trouble — Dodd's Dy Tablets the Safeguard and Cure.

Tablets the Safeguard and Cure.

The pains and aches of Indigestion are the smallest part of it. It is the despondency the disease breeds that makes it such a fearful menace to the human race. It is said by an expert that if the stomach of every suicide were examined it would be found every one of them was a dyspeptic.

A dyspeptic loses confidence in himself; loses hope for the future. He just wants to give up. Take the case of Hene Trudel, a student of Three Rivers, Que. He says:

"My Indigestion made alarming progress, to the extent that I was discouraged and weak. Every day saw me in despair. I was resolved to give up my studies."

But Mr. Trudel did not give up his studies; he used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Listen to what he says of the result:

"Today I have no headache, no pain."

the result:
"To-day I have no headache, no pain, no weariness. I am cured. I continue, however, to take Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets in order to prevent a return of my terrible trouble. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have brought sunshine into my life."

#### The Provost of T.C.D.

digestive tract. It sweetens the stomach—regu-



lett, had belonged to the old school of courtly and political provosts, and had filled the great house with noble and distinguished guests, as had been done in the old days when the provost of Trinity was hardly second to the vice-roy himself. Dr. Jellett always reminded me of the glories of pre-Union days. He was very tall, lean and handsome, and as haughty as—well, as a great college don can be. In his time the proverb was that no undergraduate was ever heard to say that he had been "talking with the provost," but his bow when you doffed your mortar-board to him was a revelation of grace and courtesy, none the less that you knew he was quite unaware of your identity and always would be.

When I heard the bell tolling in the

identity and always would be.

When I heard the bell tolling in the Campanile and knew that the fine courtier was dead, I felt—and so, I think, did we all—that T.C.D. had suffered an eclipse. We gathered in groups in the quadrangles and whispered about him, as we should have done in his presence, as to his possible successor. There was only one name, and that was Salmon, and the learned, of whom I was not one, spoke of "Cont Sections" and of "Higher Plane Curves" and "Geometry of Three Dimensions," while the bell overhead kept its slow solemn time.

Now that same bell has scarcely ceased tolling for another provost of T.C.D.

Dr. Salmon was as different as it is

Dr. Salmon was as different as it is possible to imagine from his predecessor, and yet he had some points of resemblance. Although you missed the courtly bow which greeted your humble salutation, and went on smiling to think that the provost had no lelsure to think of matters sublunary, you were very quickly brought to your senses if you neglected any portion of college etiquette. I can well remember feeing from his room in dismay before his rebuke: "How dare you, sir, come to me without your academic dress?" He had a keen sense of humor, having been born in Dublin and reared partly in Cork, but from the enjoyment of it the undergraduate was unfortunately debarred.

When he was moving from his old Dr. Salmon was as different as it is

When he was moving from his old rooms into Provost's House one of the rooms into Provost's House one of the fellows of the college helped him to sift the wheat from the chaff amongst his books. One book was thrown upon the

risk to himself, from the was no mean ing tram.

Music, of which he was no mean judge, and chess were Dr. Salmon's relaxations, and for many years it was the rule that he should play the winner in the college chess competition, whom up to about ten years ago he invariably beat. Since then he has played no more.

more.

He has been a most uncompromising opponent of the proposal to admit women to degrees in the university, and it is a strange coincidence that the news of Dr. Salmon's death closely follows the report that the King has sent a letter to the board authorizing their admission.

a letter to the board authorizing their admission.

Dr. Salmon had many and great distinctions. Amongst others he was a fellow of the British Academy and held the Royal and Copley medals of the Royal Society. In 1878 he was president of the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association. In his later years he had abandoned science for divinity, and his last published work a couple of years ago is a volume of "Cathedral and University"

Sermons."
But of such things I have no right to speak—others know them better than I. Yet I remember the kindly, austere and abstracted face and hear the college bell, tolling, tolling the years of my youth away.—H. A. H. in London "Outlook."

#### A Mild and Unexpected Retort.

A Mild and Unexpected Retort.

Senator Tillman was taking to some reporters about the efficacy of mildness in debate.

"One can't be too mild." he said, "and one gets on especially well if, along with one's mildness, there goes some rare and unexpected quality. To be mild and at the same time unexpected is, usually, to succeed.

"Here is an instance of what I mean: "At the end of a theatrical performance one man turned to another and cried in a harsh, grating voice:

"Look here, you have sat on my silk hat. It is ruined."

The other looked at the silk hat. It was indeed a wreck. He said:

"I am sorry. This is too bad. But, he added, "it might have been worse?" exclaimed the first man with an oath.

"The answer then given was an excellent example of mildness coupled with unexpectedness. It was:

"I might have sat on my own hat."

The latest disease to bring joy to the medical fraternity is called "humeritis," which at first sight conveys the idea of an affliction associated in some remote way with the funny man. It is nothing so dreadful, however, being merely a lopsidedness of the shoulder, occasioned, so it is conjectured, by hanging on to the straps of crowded merely a lopsidedness of the shoulder, occasioned, so it is conjectured, by hanging on to the straps of crowded tram-cars. To equalize matters, it would appear that persons addicted to this habit would be well advised to use alternate hands, for it is obvious that humeritis is not the sort of complaint that purple pills for pink persons will be able to wrestle with.

Weep for Jeremiah Bang,
Victim of the crowded car,
By the strap he'd always hang
Wierdly perpendicular.
When a car was crowded up
On it he would wildly jump;
Now he drinks from sorrow's cup—

Now he drinks from sorrow Jeremiah's got the hump.

#### Dickens and the Pickpocket

When Dickens and his manager, Dolby, were touring America in 1867, the two Englishmen were frequently bewildered by the intricacies of our traveling system. Railroad and steamboat tickets, omnibus passes and baggage checks accumulated in their pockets as the Journey progressed. It was strenuous business to keep track of them, especially confusing after the simple routine of travel in Europe. Dickens took charge of the paraphernalia, and his companion was at the mercy of the author's absent-mindedness.

ness.
Often Dolby would rouse Dickens
from a trance of revery with the excited exclamation: "Here is the ticket
collector," or "Here is the man to col-

### The Joy of Living

Life to the normal, healthy, Canadian boy or girl should be a continual joy. If it is not, then there is something wrong. There is a lack of proper development, consequently the blood is thin, the nerves unstrung, the muscles soft and flabby, vitality low and the capacity for enjoying life at a very low ebb. Moreover, there is constant danger of attack from Consumpvery low ebb. Moreover, there is constant danger of attack from Consumption, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, La Grippe and all kinds of Lung Trouble. If your boy or girl is in this condition, do not treat the matter lightly, lose no time in putting matters right. In FERROL you will find the remedy required; Cod (The Iron-611 Food) Liver Oil to build up the tissue, Iron to purify and enrich the blood, and Phosphorus to tone the nerves and brain. Ferrol will quickly and inand brain. Ferrol will quickly and infallibly restore a normal, healthy and
vigorous condition.

At all Druggists—free sample from The Ferrol Co., Limited, Toronto.

### Superb Skin 'DARTRING'



'DARTRING LANOLINE'

No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'. No imitation can be called 'Dartring' ('DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE'

'DARTRING LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP.

THE QUALITY NEVER VARIES.

## Teacher's Highland Cream Scotch Whisky

George J. Foy, Agent, Toronto

#### A Special Train FOR YOU

## **CALIFORNIA**

The Santa Fe v. ill run two special trains to Los Angeles, leaving Chicago April 27 and 23, 1904, and Kansas City day following. FOR GENERAL CONFERENCE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Officially endorsed by several State delegations.

Officially endorsed by several State delegations.

Stops will be made at Albuquerque and Laguna in New Mexico, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, also Rediands and Riverside in California, affording opportunity to see unique Indian pueblos, earth's greatest seenic wonder, and two typical Southern California garden spots. Services Sunday at Grand Canyon.

You will travel on the cleanest railway in the West—cil-sprinkled tracks and oll-burning engines in Arizona and California. Shortest line, finest scenery, most comforts. The rake is low, why don't you go?

WRITE TOLAY FOR METHODIST FOLDER. Tells all about this enjoyable trip. Beth space on these trains is limited; apply early.

rth space on these trains is limited ; apply early. F. T. HENDRY, General Agent, A.T. & S.F. Ry., 151 Grisweld St., Detroit, Mich.

Jar cheese is the most perfect and convenient form in which cheese is put

## MacLaren's **Imperial**

is not only the most perfect form of jar cheese, but is the most perfect of

depot. A pickpocket had just been captured by the police, and persons who had been robbed were noisily laying claim to the jewelry found in the thief's possession. Dolby, who had left the train last, did not at first sight understand what had happened.

"What's the row about?" he enquired of the novelist.

"It's merely the shirt-stud and watch collector," replied Dickens in a bored tone.

Modern medicinal science has agreed that natural remedial agents are most efficacious when properly applied. The "St. Catharines Well" is one of Nature's boons to tired humanity. At "The Welland" will be found an ideal resort for the tired brain worker, or the sufferer from the ills of life. Sun parlors, roof promenade and beautiful surroundings. Before going south to expensive resorts secure a booklet from "The Welland," St. Catharines, or G. T. Bell, general passenger agent of Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Que.

World's Fair St. Louis, Mo. April 30th-

Dec. 1, 1904.

the most perfect of all cheeses.

In buying jar cheese see that you get MacLaren's. It is the original cheese packed in opal jars, and has limitators but no equals.

lect our checks," or again, on the omnibus, "Here is the man to collect our fare." A hurried search through Dickens' pockets would follow, and as often as not whatever was required would be missing, and complications would arise. They took it good-humoredly, and it was a standing jest between them that America was overrum with collectors. Waiters at hotels were tip collectors, and newspaper reporters collectors of interviews.

On their arrival in Boston there was great excitement in the crowd at the

#### ABBEY'S SALT contains all the tonic and laxative effects of fruit juices. It is so pleasant to take that even children enjoy it.

the benefit. The blood becomes pure and rich.

Headaches, biliousness, tiredness disappear. And

you'll eat more, and sleep sounder, and feel better,

than you have for a "month of Sundays."

It's the Can't-Eat and

Can't-Sleep People

who need ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT, these days. "Spring Fever" is abroad-upsetting

the stomach-clogging the bowels-bringing head-

aches-taking away the appetite-driving away sleep.

ABBEY'S SALT cleans and purifies the whole

lates the bowels—keeps bladder and kidneys

these organs are healthy the whole system feels

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HE opening of the new organ of the Metropolitan Church on Wednesday evening of last week was a red-letter day for the congregation, who now find themselves possesed of one of the largest instruments in America, and one that is equally comprehensive either for church or concert work. The organ was presented to the church by Mrs. John M. Treble, in memory of her father, the late Hart A. Massey, and is said to have cost very nearly \$20,000. It has seventy-six speaking registers, and all the mechanical and electrical appliances that are at the command of modern ingenuity. The touch is ex-HE opening of the new organ of the Metropolitan Church on pliances that are at the command of modern ingenuity. The touch is extremely light and responsive, being almost equal in these respects to that of a grand piano. The instrument is a combination of four organs, two of which are situated behind the pulpit, and two, the "Solo" and "Echo," at the opposite end of the church, in the tower. They are connected by electric cables, laid beneath the flooring, and are operated from one console. The solo organ is remarkable for having three tubes of sixteen, eight and four feet, on ten-inch pressure. The pedal organ in the tower has a thirty-two feet bass, in addition to three sixteen feet registers, while there are ten stops to the pedal organ on the main. The great organ has four diapasons, one of sixteen feet and three of eight, thus securing a solid, full foundtaion tone. There are many beautifully-voiced solo stops throughout the instrument, and there is a set of chimes in the Echo organ for obtaining fancy effects on special oceasions. At the opening ceremony Dr. Torrington and his Festival Chorus of three hundred singers gave Mendelssom's symphonic cantata, "The Hymn of Praise," which has been shelved for some years, and was therefore doubly welcome, in spite of the absence of an orchestra. The soloists were Mme. Benda, soprano; Miss Grace Lillian Carter, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. William H. Rieger, the well-known tenor of New York. The chorus sang, as usual, with a fine sonorous body of tone, with plenty of spirit, and with decision of attack. Their intonation was also excellent, the sopranos sustaining the pitch in the high notes without wavering or deterioration of tone. Mme. Benda made a very favorable impression. Her voice has not thickness of texture, but it is of a pleasant quality, and very clear and true in the upper register. Miss Carter sang with her accustomed care and expression in the favorite duet, "I Walted for the Lord," and Mr. Rieger and arise with more than his ordinary finish and suavity of style. Dr. Torrington revealed the power and resources of t

of the forest leaves, and the soft num of nature in repose was the least suc-cessful in the suggestion of the original effects. Other numbers in his pro-gramme were Lizzt's eccentric Fugue on the name of Bach, Guilmant's on the name of Bach, Guilmant's charming "Canzona in A minor," Woltenholme's "Rustic Fantasia," a light and attractive piece, and his own "Idylle in E flat," and symphony in G minor (two movements). As a composer for his instrument Mr. Lemare is graceful and melodlous, and he generally has something to say that commands interest and respect. At both the concerts the large audience was gratifyingly appreciative and enthusiastic.

The reception tendered by the Clet Club to Mr. Edwin H. Lemare immediately after his recital at the Metropolitan Church was one of the most pleasant of the many affairs of the kind in the history of the club. A large number of local and visiting members of the profession were present to do honor to the distinguished guest. Short addresses were delivered by several members of the club, in which the sterling playing of the eminent Englishman and his standing as one of the greatest of living organists were dwelt lishman and his standing as one of the greatest of living organists were dwelt upon. Mr. Lemare's response was of special significance, especially to all interested in organ-playing and organ-building. He paid a very high compliment to several Canadian organ-builders, whose work he described as more nearly approaching the tonal qualities of English organs (points in which the organ-builders of England excel all others), than was the case with the best builders in the United States. In the matter of mechanical accessories the Canadian and United States builders were pronounced equal to any in the Canadian and United States builders were pronounced equal to any in the world. Mr. Lemare condemned the prevailing tendency in Canada and the United States to place value upon the size of an instrument rather than upon the quality of tone and workmanship. Generally speaking, the weight of metal in the pipes, the small scale upon which the various registers are constructed, the limited wind supply—all of which, when properly provided for, added to the expense of an organ—were details which the average church committee felt inclined to sacrifice to a scheme which looked strong on paper, but which was oftentimes very weak in effect when completed. Weakness and thinness in tone of diapasons, lack



Examples of Work by Pupils at the Ridpath School of Wood-Carving.

The rapid growing interest in the practice of wood carving among women is one of the things that cannot be ignored in taking note of the various handicrafts practised at home. A few hours each week devoted to it accomplishes much, not only in the manipulation of the tools, but in the broadening of one's ideas in the matter of design, and in planting larger comprehension of art principles and educating the eye. Any one that takes up the work at all will readily see that it runs on larger lines than decorating china, and never becomes petty, which is the case with much of the china painting done by women. How true this is will be realized more fully by comparing the two lines, and a china painter will find her work rise to a much higher level if she devotes a few hours each week in wood carving.

each week in wood carving.

What do women do in wood carving? They make things they cannot buy. There is always a demand for things that cannot be bought in stores, even if the object be very simple and easy of construction; their unique character gives them a special value. Some carve chests, bellows, fancy trays, screens, frames, and then there are chairs with the coat of arms of the family carved

Mr. J. I. Ridpath has spent the past summer in the United States, gathering the latest ideas in wood carving, and taking a special teacher's course in the Karl von Rydingsvard School of Art Wood Carving, Brunswick, Maine, where he took the highest stand for proficiency in his chosen line of work. He has also taken several courses in historic ornament and designing.

His system of teaching is the same as that which is being adopted by the principal manual training and art schools in the United States, where wood carving is being taught. By it the pupil is enabled to gain command of the tools in the shortest possible time, and at the same time is taught the principles of good designing and the different schools of historic ornament, as well as modern styles of decoration used in the applied arts.

One of the principal points of his system is that it holds the interest of the pupil from the first by applying even the primary exercises to objects of use and beauty, which are easily constructed, instead of spending many lessons in the beauty, which are easily constructed, instead of spending many lessons in the monotonous work of carving backgrounds, making rosettes, etc., on small pieces of wood which are of no value whatever. In the first lesson the pupil is taught geometric or chip carving; by it the pupil gains command of the tools. Then the Viking or Norse is given; in this is obtained pure curves in very low relief. The flat Byzantine ornament, in which there is a little modeling, is the next lesson. The Gothic, with still more modeling, after which the more elaborate Renaissance, with its beautiful intricate scrolls and grotesque ornaments, is attempted. At the end of the termeach pupil has completed a number of beautiful objects, has learned the principles of good designing, and the different schools of historic ornament as well as modern styles of decoration used in

The classes are limited in number to five, so that each pupil is given suf are furnished free for studio use, and a variety of stock in attractive and esigns are furnished free for studio use, and a variety of stock in attractive and exclusive models is kept for sale at moderate prices. Pupils have the privilege of furnishing their own stock and designs, however, if they prefer to do so. The studio, which is situated at Room 40, Yonge Street Arcade, is conveni-

ent to the street cars. The evening classes are for those who do not find it convenient to attend during the day, and for which special terms are made.

All tools sold at the school are ground and sharpened under Mr. Ridpath's personal supervision, and are fully guaranteed by him.

Amateurs' work can be sent to the school for criticism and retouching.

of warmth and breadth of tone without sacrifice of mellowness in the reeds, insufficiency of wind pressure and inadequacy of wind supply were the man points in which quality was being sacrificed for quantity by many organ-builders and church committees of the present day. The spiendid new organ of the Metropolitan Church he described as a great credit to the Canadian organ-builder's art. Several Montreal organs were also very highly spoken of.

The many friends of Mr. Douglas Bertram, who for eight or nine years studied plano-playing under Mr. A. S. Vogt of this city, will be pleased to learn of his great success in Berlin, Germany, where he went for further study two years ago. Although but a youth when he completed his studies in Townorth his rective, previous to his dedifficulty, and his great achievement for general, sound organ playing in the Bach "Prelude and Fugue in D major." The "Fugue" he took at a dazzling pace, and yet with all the parts perfectly distinct. He contributed only one orchestral transcription, the "Voices of the Forest," from Wagner's "Siegried." This was a fine illustration of orchestral registration, although owing to the very nature of the organ the opening portion of the composition descriptive of the rustling of the forest leaves, and the soft hum of nature in repose was the least sucrements. ne greatest enthusiasm, and he was recalled no fewer than four times by the critical audience. It is Mr. Bert-ram's intention to remain abroad at least until the summer of 1905, when it is hoped he may return to his native land and take a part in its musical development.

velopment.

The concert hall of the Toronto Junction College of Music was filled by a representative audience on Monday evening, when Miss Dorothea Davis, a talented pupil of Miss Macmillan,gave a recital of unusual interest. The programme included numbers by Mendelssohn, Grunfeld, Macdowell, Schutt. Nevin, Liadow and Weber, so that Miss Davis had full opportunity to display her versatility. Her principal number was the concerto in G minor (second and third movements) by Mendelssohn, which was played with dash and brilliancy—in fact, in all her heavier numbers Miss Davis showed a striking development of technique. In the lighter numbers, such as Nevin's "Lullaby," she displayed much musical imagination. Miss Davis was one of the first students of the Junction College, entering in its second season, in 1898. Since then she has studied under Miss Macmillan, and has won severel scholarships. At her graduation last year she won the silver medal for transposing accompaniments. She is now one of the most popular teachers on the college staff. Miss Davis was well supported by the others taking part in the programme—Miss Brooks, who played the second piano accompaniment in the concerto; Master Harvey Gahan, violinist, and Mr. James Milne, basso.

While in Toronto last week Mr. E. H. Lemare naid a short visit for the Shan.

before and the third after the sermon The work includes hymns for choir and congregation. The choir will be augmented for the occasion, and the service will doubtless prove very attractive.

Mrs. W. Cleland Armstrong has been appointed to the position of soprance soloist at Elm Street Methodist Church. Mrs. Armstrong is a pupil of Dr. Tor

Mr. Frank S. Welsman, who only occasionally is able to steal time from his numerous teaching engagements to appear in public, gave a plano recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening last, which attracted a large audience, among whom was a considerable proportion of students of the instrument. Mr. Welsman's most serious effortone which subjected him to the most critical attention—was the Beethoven "Sonata," op. 31, No. 2, or, as it is sometimes called, op. 29, in D minor. Mr. Welsman proved himself to be in this work a well-balanced musician, with a brilliant technique, a sterling and well-contrasted tone, and a temperament sensitive to the dramatic impulse of the music, particularly of the first movement. In this in several instances he produced an effect that approached the orchestral, while rendering it generally with a fire and abandon that Mr. Frank S. Welsman, who only oc movement. In this in several instances he produced an effect that approached the orchestral, while rendering it generally with a fire and abandon that were intellectually controlled. The slow movement, with its unaffected flow of simple melody—almost Mozart-like—was interpreted with appropriate purity of expression and frankness of style. The finale, which may be termed a fast Allegretto, in which one figure predominates, assumed an agitated, semi-passionate character under Mr. Welsman's treatment, and in this he may be credited with having divined the spirit of the piece. This sonata is not often heard in public, probably because while requiring virtuoso attainments to perform, it does not betray itself to the uninitiated public as virtuoso display music. Mr. Welsman's obvious executive triumphs were made in the Schubert-Tausig brilliant "Marche Militaire," and the Liszt Rhapsody, No. 12. The March was played with well sustained dash and rhythmical swing, apart from its technical finish, while the Rhapsody had in its performance that elastic variation of tempo, and dynamic contrast which are considered to reflect the Hungarian characteristics. A more contemplative and poetic effort was the Chopin Nocturne, op. 48, No. 2, which was also finely turned in regard to phrasing and tonal variety, while Schumann's impressive "Aufschwung" received an interpretation of dignity and power. Mr. Welsman introduced at this concert as his colleague, Mr. J. J. Goulet, solo violinist, of Montreal, an able executant. With him Mr. Welsman played for the first time in Toronto Cessar Franck's sonata for piano and violin in A major, a species of transcription of the composer's symphony able executant. With him Mr. Welsman played of the second piano accompaniment in the concerto; Master Harvey Gahan, violinist, and Mr. James Milne, basso.

While in Toronto last week Mr. E. H. Lemare paid a short visit to the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, he being much interested in the recitals given there by Mr. Arthur Blakeley, of which has heard a great deal. Mr. Lemare expressed himself greatly pleased with the fine organ of the church, and will probably give a recitat there some time during next month.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening a species of transpillation of the composer's symphony in D. The audience welcomed the novering many that the fine organ of the church, and will probably give a recitat there some time during next month.

To-morrow (Sunday) evening a species of transpillation of the rambling thought of one who had at the moment nothing pleased with the fine organ of the function of the rambling thought of one who had at the moment nothing pleased with the fine organ of the function of the rambling thought of one who had at the moment nothing pleased with the fine organ of the function of the rambling thought of one who had at the moment nothing beginner of the service will be given at St. Simon's Chuch. The chief feature of the service will be given at St. Simon's Chuch. The chief feature of the service will be given at St. Simon's Chuch. The chief feature of the service will be given at St. Simon's Chuch. The chief feature of the service will be given at St. Simon's Chuch. The chief feature of the service will be given at St. Simon's Chuch. The chief feature of the service will be given at the composition of the rambling thought of the ungenial effect of discord (having the ungenial effect of discord (having the ungenial effect of discord (having the unsue which does not treat you fairly, but I fancy there will be fivelent the composition of the treat will be little desire the

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is an executant on the violin of abil-ity, was given a favorable reception, his solos, consisting of fugutive pieces, being much applauded.

Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, the author of a very appreciative book on Tschaikovski, is of opinion that the great Russian was not successful as an operacomposer. His operas have not the vitality of his symphonic works. His nature was too emotional and self-centered for broad, dramatic uses. But his orchestral works, she adds, bore the strong impress of his own intense personality. These held the cry of all baffled and disenchanted spirits, and would live so long as there were nawould live so long as there were na tures made for suffering in the world.

The officials of the St. Louis Exhibition have decided not to allow the rag-time song, or even rag-time music without words, at the concerts of the Exposition. It is expected that there will be a protest against this decision on behalf of the thousands of people who cannot appreciate anything better than rag-time or two-steps.

It is reported that the Catholics of New Orleans are much dissatisfied with the decree of the Fope, which forbids women taking part in the service of the church, and also forbids every form of music except that of the most sacred character and the Gregorian chant. Several of the priests and organists of New Orleans have stated that the decree, if recognized, would mean the ruination of the church choirs.

Cincinnati is to have a veritable feast of music at its festival, May 11 to 14. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra and a quartette of eminent soloists, in addition to a large chorus, will supply the programmes. Among the choral works to be produced are Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius," Bach's Mass in B minor, Beethoven's great mass in D, and his choral symphony.

Philip Hale, in the Boston Orchestra's programme book, cites the opinion of the late John Dwight on Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude, after Theodore Thomas had played it in Boston on December 4, 1871: "Save us from more acquaintance with the introduction to the 'Meistersinger'! It is hard, harsh, forced, and noisy, ever on the verge of discord (having the ungenial effect of discord, however literally within the rules of counterpoint). It is a kind of music which does not treat you fairly, but builles you, as it were, by its superior noise or bulk, as physically big men are prone to do who can so easily displace you on the side walk. We doubt not there is better music in the 'Meistersinger,' for this could never have won the prize before any guild, whether of 'old fogy' Philistines or fresh young hearts." CHERUBINO. Philip Hale, in the Boston Orchestra's



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PUBLISHERS, TORONTO

#### Social and Personal.

Mrs. Henry Macaulay of Dawson, formerly of Victoria, B.C., is visting relatives in Toronto.

relatives in Toronto.

A very pleasant gathering took place on Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. T. E. Robertson, 116 Bedford road, when twenty couples sat down to progressive euchre. In welcoming her guests Mrs. Robertson was ably assisted by her sister, Mrs. Edith Beynon of Euclid avenue. The rooms were bright and pretty, with softly-shaded lights and cut flowers, and open-grate fires added comfort to the scene. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Argue, Mr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. McGillvray Knowles, Mrs. Dr. Hodgson of Lockport, Miss Massey, Mr. Massey, Mr. A. C. Williamson, Mr. W. S. Williamson, Mr. Riley, Miss Marter, Dr. Adams, Miss Currie, and Mrs. Marten.

sey, Mr. A. C. Williamson, Mr. W. S. Williamson, Mr. Riley, Miss Marter, Dr. Adams, Miss Currie, and Mr. and Mrs. Marten.

A correspondent writes: "The dinner tendered Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Evans by the officers of his regiment at the Elliott House on Friday evening, March 11, was an event which will remain green in the memories of all present for years to come. Colonel Evans' term of office has just expired, and it is doubtful if there is another officer in the Canadian militia who enjoys the same distinction as he, with a record of thirty-seven years' continuous service in the same regiment, from bugler to commanding officer. During the evening a photo of the gallant colonel, taken at Niagara as a bugler thirty-seven years ago, was passed around for inspection, and all agreed he was a 'bully bugler.' Major Wellington Wallace was in the chair, and made an excellent toastmaster. The toast to the King was received with cheers. The toast to 'The Canadian Militia' was responded to by Lieutenant-Colonel James Mason in his usual soldierly and businesslike way. The toast to 'The Staff of Military District No. 2' was responded to by Lieutenant-Colonel Galloway. The toast 'Our Guest' brought out a speech from Colonel Evans that won the admiration of all. The stirling qualities of the man and soldler were shown alike. Although a young man the colonel has put in thirty-seven years' service and has not had enough. That he will be a brigadier is the sincerest wish of all his brother officers and friends. Immediately following this toast Colonel Evans was made an honorary member of the mess of the 36th Peel Regiment for life and presented with a gold-headed cane, suitably engraved. 'Our Sister Corps' was responded to by Major Henderson of the 48th Highlanders, and a few hints to young ocers were given by him. (Copies may be secured upon application to the major.) Captain W. A. Smith and Lieutenant D. F. McKinley. How the former knew so little and the latter so much is a matter of speculation among their brother offic

Mrs. Herbert Jarvis of Ontario street is to spend Easter out of town, and will receive for the last time this season on next Monday afternoon.

Mr. McCowan, a popular young soldier from Ottawa, is to take a course at Stanley Barracks this spring.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McLeod are two more Torontonians who have gone to Pinehurst, N.C., for a short visit.

Mrs. Gordon Corbould of New West-minster, B.C., is visiting relatives in Sherbourne street.

The Domestic Art Department of the Conservatory School of Literature and Expression is giving a studio tea on Monday next.

The new operating room and elevator in St. John's Hospital for Women are objects ardently desired and being worked for by friends of the hospital. Three thousand dollars, of which nearly half has been already subscribed, are needed for these quite necessary things. A fete in St. James' Cathedral Schoelbeuse is being corrected for ly half has been already subscribed, are needed for these quite necessary things. A fete in St. James' Cathedral Schoolhouse is being arranged for Wednesday and Thursday, May 4 and 5, with special children's matinees from 3 to 6 o'clock. Admission and luncheon or high tea will cost "the modest quarter." Each evening a comedietta will be performed, under the direction of Mrs. Grayson Smith, and in addition are to be booths for work, candies, ice cream, checking parcels, five o'clock tea, an advertising booth, a box stall, an orange tree and a Punch and Judy, of which the following ladies have promised to take charge: Mrs. Lionel Clarke, Mrs. C. C. Smith, Mrs. R. Gamble, Mrs. F. Hodgins, Mrs. A. M. Piper, Mrs. A. Langmuir, Mrs.



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#### FOR SALE

Harry Paterson, Mrs. Willie Ince, Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mrs. Peleg Howland, the Misses Evelyn Cameron, Christobel Robinson, Nordheimer, Miles and Cattanach, besides a number of others who will help with the luncheon.

who will help with the luncheon.

The question of precedence, which has kept Lady Dundonald away from Canada since her husband was appointed G.O.C., is to an uninformed person, like many a one of our people, great foolishness. Speaking of the Drawingroom, a newspaper reporter says: 'I hope to goodness Lord Dundonald preceded Sir Charles Parsons!' Lord Dundonald was preceded by several frisky newspaper reporters. Also, a good long way off, by the chunky, black-haired sailor man from Halifax, but then Lord Dundonald came in with the hol polloi because he was late in reaching the House and missed his only official place. Sir Charles Parsons had a good forty-five minutes the start of him, but there was more than one who stood about the throne who would happily have consented to spend the time in the crowded corridor with the puiet pily have consented to spend the time in the crowded corridor with the quiet, distinguished-looking soldier and noble gentleman, who has stolen from tardy femminity her sacred prerogative as well as her usual excuse.

well as her usual excuse.

The marriage of Miss Bertha Hatzfeld, only daughter of Mrs. Anna Hatzfeld, and Mr. W. Oliphant Bell was
celebrated by Rev. W. J. Brian of Holy
Trinity at the residence of Mrs. Hatzfeld on Wednesday at two o'clock. Miss
Hatzfeld wore white mousseline de
soie, over silk, with insertions of Valenciennes, a coronet of real orange
blossoms and a veil of tulle, and carried a shower of white roses and ferns.
Mr. John Freysing, her uncle, gave her
away. Miss Isobelle Anderson was
bridesmaid and Mr. M. Martin of Albany best man. Mr. and Mrs. Bell left
on the afternoon train for New York,
the bride going away in a dark green
cloth traveling suit and a toque of
bisque French straw. Mrs. Hatzfeld,
mother of the bride, wore black satin
brocade at the ceremony and reception,
and carried sunset roses.

Invitations are out for the Machine

Invitations are out for the Machine Gun and Signal Corps' dance in the Temple ballroom on April 5, and a great deal of interest is being shown by the fair friends of the young men in the event.

The St. George's hockey team are arranging for a dance in McConkey' ballroom early in April.

Among the Canadians in Rome, Italy, at present are Mrs. Robert J. Allan of Toronto, Lady Macdonald of Montreal, Dr. and Mrs. Tyler of Halifax. Rome has never before been so crowded at this time of the year, and elaborate preparations are being made for the bright Easter celebrations.

dinner last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. William Y. Warren, Mrs. H. Hennig, Mrs. W. H. Foster, Mr. J. F. Jones, Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones of Buffalo, Mrs. W. H. Henry, Miss Jessie Webber, Mr. James Hedley, Mr. J. J. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pratt, Mrs. W. B. Maclean, Mrs. F. H. Gooch, Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mrs. Robert Smith, Miss McAndrew, Mrs. Robert Smith, Miss McAndrew, Mrs. B. Halan, Dr. Blain, Mr. James W. Blain of Toronto, Mrs. A. Bell of Montreal, Mrs. B. F. Ackernan, Miss Ackerman of Peterborough, Mrs. Hugh C. Baker, Mrs. Walter P. Chapman, Mrs. T. Patterson, Olive Patterson of Hamilton, Mr, and Mrs. H. W. Fleury and Miss Fleury of Aurora, Mrs. Rough of Winnipeg, Mr. W. C. McCall of Simce, Miss Zoe Farrar of Erie, are among guests recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

At the last meeting of the Tennyson Club, in Annesley Hall, Dr. Armstrong Black delighted the members and their friends with a lecture, "The Arthurian Element in Tennyson." Dr. Black's excellent literary judgment and exquisite discernment of true poetry were never more in evidence than in this interpretation of Tennyson's ideal King Arthur.

At a very smart carnival given at the Aberdeen Pavilion, a huge rink at the Exhibition Grounds, Ottawa, on Monday evening, the Governor-General and Lady Minto apeared with a party from Government House as a "Hungarian Court." Lord Minto was in dark green velvet, with Hungarian jacket and high hat with aigrette, trimmed with rich dark fur; Lady Minto was in pale blue, and looked lovely in Hungarian head gear. Her skating, with a certain Dutch peasant on one side and Menarg, the professional on the other, was wonderful, her favorite figure being performed in most swift and dashing style. Lady Eileen was in white, her mignon face looking very sweet under her high Hungarian cap. Mr. E. J. Clouston and his elder daughter were guests in Rideau Hall and came in costume. The younger Miss Clouston did not skate. Colonel Denny, the popular chief of the Corps of Guides wore the costume of a Chinese General on parade, quite a wonderful garb with a helmet gorgeously high, and his complexion yellowed to a nicety, and wearing thin, drooping black moustaches. The makeup was delightfully correct. Mrs. Denny was a Chinese lady, and not being a skater, trotted on her Chinese shoes beside her towering lord in a very cute and pretty way. Colonel Denny won the prize from hundreds of fine costumes. Miss Rona King, a beauteous little maid in a tiny royal blue cap, short skirt, and jockey shirt and sash won the lady's prize. Miss Eva Miles of Toronto was in costume and several Toronto guests looked on. Mrs. Bob Fleming had a beauty corner of Indian houris, and sarees of bright colored gauze and costumes only suited to their graceful forms. In a box were Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss Sovereign and Mrs. Agar Adamson.

One of last week's pleasant little teas was given by Mrs. Tyrrell of Sherbourne street for her guest, Mrs. Stinson Jarvis. Miss Amy Dupont and Miss Maisle Tyrrell poured tea. The guests were Mrs. H. O'Brien, Mrs. Cattanach, Miss Hoyles, Mrs. H. M. Pellatt, Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie, Miss H. Durie, Mrs. Wickham, Miss Veals, Mrs. C. D. Warren, Mrs. Harley Roberts, Mrs. Baillie, Mrs. Donald Edwards, Mrs. Sutherland Macklem.

Mrs. Harry O'Brien of Ottawa has returned from a visit in England.

Mrs. Denison of Sandhurst entertained the West End Euchre Club on March 10th. Seven tables were arranged. Miss Hazel Wright and Mr. Adam Marks won the prize.

An excellent vocal recital was given by pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley in the Conservatory Music Hall last Saturday private person.

Box 74, "Saturday Night," Toronto, Canada.

An excellent vocal recital was given by pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley in the Conservatory Music Hall last Saturday vening. The occasion introduced some new singers, but although making a first appearance, their work was highly creditable, the enunciation and

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ALL STAR CAST ENSEMBLE OF SIXTY

Big "Peggy Brady," You and I," "Uncle Sam's Marthea, "Mercenary Mary Ann, "Four Wise Owls," Father's of Fate," "Taking in His Sleep," "Star of Fate," "The Goo - Goo Man."

**150 NIGHTS IN CHICAGO** 

intonation being particularly good. The more experienced pupils sang with ease and an artistic interpretation which was much admired. The programme included: "My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice," Saint-Saens; "Chanson Provencale," Del'Acqua; "Onway, Awake," Coleridge Taylor, with numbers by Gumbert, Sparrow, Marzo, Gilbert, and other composers. In the concerted numbers Miss Bradley kindly took the place of Miss Sutherland, who through lilness was unable to be present. The others taking part were Misses Annie Reed, Grace Stone, Eva Reekie, Edna Herron, Sarah Howard, Alma Butler, Tena Phillips, Wilma Stoddart, Ada Wallace, Lillian Willcocks and Emily Mohr, A.T.C.M., Messrs. Rupert Weeks and Charles Hannon. Mrs. Bradley was

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QUARTETTE
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Acrobats.

DORIS EPWORTH
Baby Comedienne.

Gymnasts

AL. CARLETON
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WOOD & RAY
Bunch of Nonsense.

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New Pictures.

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Jarvis St., above Wilton Ave.

Morning service at eleven o'clock, preaching by the astor, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., subject, "A unday at Gethsemane and on the Mount of Olives," evening service at seven o'clock, an illustrated lecture y the pastor, subject "The Madonna and Child in rms." A cordial invitation extended to all—seats eec. Unitarian literature may be had fee on appliation to Mrs. Thompson, 308 Jarvis Street.

### Carnahan's Drug Store PRESCRIPTIONS

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NOTICE.

A General Meeting of the Stockholders of The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, will be held at the hour of 3 p.m. on Wednesday, March 30th, next, at the offices of the Company, SATURDAY NIGHT Building, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, for the affairs of the company, electing officers for the enfairs of the company, electing officers for the ensuing year, and such other business as may be brought before the meeting. By order.

Toronto, March 7th, 1904.

R. BUTCHART,
Sec. Treas.

our distinguished violinists—Sarasate Leonard, Massort, and Vieuxtemps. Affour distinguished violinists—Sarasate, Leonard, Massort, and Vieuxtemps. After a long absence he returned to Canada, where the public gave him a welcome such as is rarely accorded to a prophet in his own country. However, the country across the border presented a greater field for an artist of Mr. De Seve's standing, so he decided to go to Boston, where he first met and played before Ole Bull, who highly and warmly complimented him. His welcome in that city was so great that he decided to stay, and he at once rose to a most enviable position, both as solo violinist and teacher. For many years he appeared as soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, besides being concert master of the Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, solo violinist and leader of Boston Symphony Orchestra Club. Now, after seventeen years, he has returned to his native city, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

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Already our ware-rooms are bright with new furniture ready for those about to take up housekeeping or to refurnish a room or two.

Among the late arrivals are some quaint designs in Mission Chairs, Rockers, Tables, Cellarettes, Buffets, Hall Mirrors, Hall Stands, and a line of Toilet Mirrors in oak and mahogany that have been greatly admired.

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#### Social and Personal.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Wallbridge, 20 Madison avenue, gave two very pleasant euchre parties two evenings of last week, Thursday and Friday. On the first evening Mrs. Wallbridge received in handsome black satin and Miss Wallbridge in a lovely Paris gown of pale blue lace with roses applique in pale pink. Some of the guests on Thursday were Miss Mortimer Clark, Miss Elise Mortimer Clark, Miss Elise Mortimer, Clark, Miss Gooderham, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Miss Ethel Gooderham, Miss Cosby, Miss Gladys Nordhelmer, Miss Cosby, Miss Ethel Gooderham, Miss Cosby, Miss Ethel Gooderham, Miss Cosby, Miss Langmuir, Miss Falconbridge, Mr. Jack Falconbridge, Miss Cattanach, Mr. Ernest Cattanach, Mr. and Mrs. Goldie Kirkpatrick, Mrand Mrs. Goldie Kirkpatrick, Miss Lottie Wood, Miss Evanch Delamere, Mr. Worsley, Mr. Harry Martin, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mr. Sidney Band, Mr. Sandford Smith, Mr. Percy Hardisty, Mr. Ewart Walker, Mr. Frank Grey, Mr. R. W. Allan, Mr. Charlie Lee, Mr. Stuart Playfair, Mr. Gerald Strathy, Colonel Stimson, Major Gunther, Mr. H. Porter, Dr. Thistle, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Mr. Charles Ross. On Friday a second most enjoyable evening was spent, soms of the guests being Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Denison, Mr. and Mrs. A. Warden, Mr. and Mrs. Antile Leen, Mr. and Mrs. John Laidlaw, Miss Lamport, Miss Chachtur, Miss Matthews, Miss Helen Douglas, Miss Hills, Miss V. McLeod, Miss Helen Mcurrich, Miss Annie Michie, Miss Ethel Gooderham, Miss Frances Lister, Miss Brouse, Miss Florence McArthur, Miss Bloane, Miss Myles, Miss Chadwick, Miss Wallace of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. A. Monck, Mr. H.

Hees, Mr. C. McArthur, Mr. Charles Michie, Mr. Percy Rogers, Mr. Howlett, Mr. Sloane, Mr. Lister, Major Mason, Mr. Howard Ridout, Dr. McCullough, and Mr. J. Macdonald.

Miss Bryden of "Roxboro," Barrie, has been spending a few days with Mrs. Grafton of Spadina crescent. A very jolly luncheon party at the King Edward on Monday, with Mrs. H., B. McCarthy of Bernard avenue as hostess, included Mr. and Mrs. H. B. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Allan, Mr. C. J. Agar, Miss Douglas, Mr. Nathaniel McCarthy of Cobourg, Mrs. Grafton, Miss Jean McCarthy, and Mr. Jafray A. McCarthy, formerly of Barrie, now of Toronto, and Miss Bryden.

Rev. Arthur Baldwin is convalescing from a severe illness, which has con-fined him to the house for some weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews are at the King Edward for a month. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard have gone south.

much pleasure by Mrs. Ritchie recently of Parkdale, who is now with Mr. Ritchie, residing at the Capital, and sends many remembrances to Toronto friends.

much pleasure by Mrs. Ritchie recently of Parkdale, who is now with Mr. Ritchie, residing at the Capital, and sends many remembrances to Toronto friends.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Simcoe street, Beaverton, was in Tuesday, 15th inst., the scene of a large and fashionable gathering of friends and relatives present to witness the marriage of their daughter, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton to Mr. Edward Clarke Hodgkinson Tisdale of "Simcoe Lodge." The service was performed by Rev. D. M. Best of St. Andrew's Church, the bride being supported by her sister, Miss Ethel Hamilton, while the bridegroom was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Lind-stand for any more nonsense.

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#### THE VERTEGRAND

While in appearance an upright piano, is in reality just what its name implies-a turned grand piano.

At last the long-sought result has been achieved of embodying all the superior attributes of a grand piano in a compact vertical form, suitable to the limited dimensions of modern drawing rooms and boudoirs.

All the musicians and experts who have tested the Vertegrand, have unanimously pronounced it the greatest achievement of modern progress that has ever come to their notice. A simple inspection will absolutely prove the validity of this claim.

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say Tisdale. Among the guests were Reeve Thomas Treleaven, uncle of the bride: Mrs. Treleaven, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Hodgkinson, Major Charles Patterson and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Angus Cameron, Mr. Harry Cameron, Miss Maude Tisdale, Mr. Garnet Treleaven, Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Hamilton, Sunderland; Mrs. Arch. Mackenzie and Master Cameron Mackenzie, Winnipeg; Mrs. Adam Wilson, Lindsay; Dr. Walter Hamilton, Toronto, and others. After a most enjoyable wedding breakfast the young couple left for an extended trip to the Southern States via New York city and Washington, D.C.

#### Springtime in Murrays.

All the town is talking about Murray's millinery. This dignified old house, that does all things well, and in due season, did not precipitate its opening in the midst of a blizzard, but bided its time, and when that time came the ladies of Toronto were treated to a display which for beauty and extent has never before been seen in this city. With the extensions and improvements recently made in their store, their efforts in making a fine show were amply facilitated. A visitor who has not been there for some time is almost bewildered by the panorama of beauty and spring colorings spread before the view. An ingenious arrangement of the floors enables visitors to see each floor to its full extent. The fixtures have been lowered and uniformly finished in oak, giving an air of dignity and artistic taste found only mafew of the greater stores of New York and Chicago. Of the spring millinery and costume display its very extent and variety make it impossible to give anything like a comprehensive description. It may be said that designers and makers are this season following more closely than ever the color schemes of the world's great artists, and any lady with a modicum of taste will find it really easy to be becomingly gowned and hatted at Murray's this season.

The children's outfitting department is of special interest. All ladies know the difficulty attendant upon the purchase of natty little girls' wearables, a feature that seems to have been somewhat neglected in most other stores in the city. Murray's stock this spring really fills a want that has been keenly felt in this respect.

Of course Murray's is not exclusively a millinery and costume emporium. Its spring display of high-class men's furnishings is quite on an equality in its way with the millinery, while their clothing department contains all the

furnishings is quite on an equality in its way with the millinery, while their clothing department contains all the styles of the best exponents of the art sartorial. Those contemplating a trip will find their trunk and bag departments most complete, with an ample assortment to meet all kinds of needs.

#### The War.

Manufactured in our own Despatch Factory.

Special tin tube despatch, fresh from the scene of manufacture. Port Arthur, Sunday morning, before breakfast, March 20, '04.—Admiral Makaroff rose early and ordered the fleet to proceed to Shanghai and blow up the liar there. This is a source of great satisfaction to me, because I dislike rivalry. I regret to say, however, that some other liar made Makaroff's laudable expedition the basis for a story that Port Arthur was to be abandoned. I immediately called up Mr. Commee on the long-distance 'phone about it, and he said as long as there was a water-power or railroad contract to be had within a hundred miles of the town he at least would stand by it. He informed me also that the town council had just made a sortle against the Bell Telephone Company and had captured every telephone in the town, besides one C.P.R. station. He expected to have the electric lights, street railway and waterworks all rounded up before night. Special tin tube despatch, fresh from

This intelligence was at once tele-raphed to St. Petersburg, and the 'zar immediately proclaimed a holi-ay. In his gratitude to Canada for

## The Repository



#### COR. SIMCOE & NELSON STREETS, TORONTO

Auction Sales of Horses, Carriages, Harness, etc., every Tuesday and Friday at 11 o'clock. Private sales every day.

# SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

Consigned by MR. JOHN DIXON, who is RETIRING FROM BUSINESS, will be held at "The Repository" on

## THURSDAY, MARCH 31st

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK SHARP

The following is a partial list of the splendid collection of carriages to be sold without reserve on the above date:

carrfages to be sold without reserve on the above date:

6 Victorias, all sizes, full Coilinge axles, cast steel springs with rubber heads, Kelly rubber tires, suitable for driving single or double.

2 "T" Carts, full Collinge axles, cast steel rubber head springs, platform gearing, Kelly rubber tires; this is the handsomest gentleman's driving trap made.

4 "T" Carts (light), reach gearing, for 1 horse, 4 passenger, suitable for small family, trimmed in cloth and whipcord.

4 "T" Carts (light), reach gearing, suitable for family use, whipcord and cloth trimming, 4 passenger.

3 Tilbury Carts, full Collinge axles, cast steel springs with rubber heads, guaranteed free from horse motion; these are handsome show carts.

4 Four-wheeled Dog Carts, seats back to back or all facing forward; very stylish trap for gentleman; a very stylish trap, and in great demand.

1 Waggonette 6 passenger, whipcord trimming, suitable to drive single or simming, suitable for family use.

3 Tilbury Wagons, suitable for lady or gentleman, a very stylish trap, and in great demand.

1 Waggonette 6 passenger, whipcord trimming, suitable to drive single or simming, suitable for family use.

3 Tilbury Wagons, suitable for lady or gentleman, a very stylish trap, and in great demand.

1 Waggonette 6 passenger, whipcord trimming, suitable to drive single or single for family use.

3 Tilbury Wagons, suitable for lady or gentleman, a very handsome trap, suitable for family use.

4 Four-wheeled Dog Carts, seats back to back or all facing forward; very stylish trap for ladies' or gentleman, a very stylish trap, and in great demand.

1 Waggonette 6 passenger, whipcord trimming, short turn.

(All the above carriages are fitted with handsome lamps of the latest design and brass mountings.)

2 Physicians' Phaetons, leather tops, a handsome trap, suitable for ladies' or gentleman's driving.

2 Physicians' Phaetons, leather tops, a handsome trap, suitable for ladies' or gentleman's driving.

3 Tilbury Wagons, sultable for lady or gentleman's avery shands

In addition to the above a complete

### Gentleman's Stable Outfit

will be sold on the same date.

This superior lot is as good as new, and includes:
Pair Brown Carriage Horses.
Brown Saddle Horse and Driver.
Victoria and T Cart, by S. Brown.
Two Rubber-tired Runabouts, one

Cutter, four sets Double Harness, three sets Single Harness; also Robes, Rugs, Blankets, Saddles, Bridles, Bells, etc., etc., making the most complete and up-to-date gentleman's outfit to be found in Toronto.

Detailed descriptions next week.

WALTER HARLAND SMITH, Proprietor and Auctioneer.

No further entries will be received for above sale.

It has just leaked out that the harbor police of Vladivostock and Port Arthur have received imperative instructions to arrest the captains of any Japanese warships, torpedo boats, torpedo shells or fishing smacks found floating about without side-lights or head-lights, contrary to the rules of navigation. It has been found dangerous to Rusian shipping. The other night a Japanese torpedo went cavorting about the harbor basin with its side-lights reversed, and when the captain saw the port-side light if fooled him. He thought the torpedo was running backward, but it wandered in among the steering gear of the "Retvizan" and played the dickens with it. Incidentally it sunk the ship, hence the stringent police orders.

After breakfast.—Great news has just leaked out. Makaroff has telegraphed an order to Admiral Togo to prepare

to sign Russian terms of peace in To-kio to-night at 7.30 o'clock. This is tak-en to presage important movements by land and water. Although if this coup succeeds I can see my plain finish as a despatch manufacturer. I am bound to report the circumstance. SIN SIN LYRE.

SIN SIN LYRE.

P. S.—(Note to Ed. Not for pub.)—
Have been endeavoring to form Cooperative Society of International War
Corresponding Liars, so far without
success. Should this organization be
brought about it will prevent a lot of
conflicting reports getting abroad simultaneously, such as that Port Arthur
has been abandoned and that it hasn't
been; that it has two hours' supplies,
and that it has enough ice cream for
six years, and other contradictory
stories, which make fools of us ilars.
The wheels are now working well, and

I expect to evolve some startlers in a few days. Better order good supply of paper for war extras.—S. S. L.

#### Explained at Last.

She wore an ostrich feather, And somehow to my eyes, Although I am no critic, It didn't harmonize.

seemed to stand out lonely, a vain addition patched, or I could not discover What thing it was it matched

But after the theater
We went to get a lunch,
And when I had considered
The quite expensive bunch

Of viands she had ordered The thing was simple, quite; She wore the ostrich feather To match her appetite! —New Orleans Times-Dem

#### Tennyson's Tastes.

Mr. Arthur Benson, in the study of Tennyson which he has contributed to the admirable "Little Biographies" of Messrs. Methuen, has given us what we think is an able and fair interpretation of the greatest poet who lived into our own time.

of the greatest poet who lived into our own time.

Tennyson, we know, was a human man, and if he lived at times in another world this world was very much with him too. Mr. Behson reminds us how once the poet tried to be a vegetarian, but broke down, and turned with relief to a mutton chop.

"I never felt such joy in my blood," he said. "When I went to sleep I dreamt that I saw the vines of the South with large Escol branches, trailing over the glaciers of the North."

One remembers, too, that story of the visitors to a Kensington Museum, who found Tennyson there with a lady and two children, and who stole round to and fro behind in the hope of catching a word from his lips. They waited, keeping siletly in the rear, for half an afternoon, and then the poet spoke. "You look after the children while I go and get some beer," he said.

#### Celery Beauty Fad.

West End green grocers have been considerably astonished of late by a prodigious demand which has suddenly sprung up for celery.

The explanation is a curious one. A large section of smart and pretty society women, together with an equally large section who are not so conspicuous for good looks, have created a celery beauty cult.

Experts have declared that no drug in the world has the potency of celery for producing clear complexion and bright eyes.

It must be eaten raw, say the experts.

perts.

It is not only a beautifier, according to its devotees, but it promotes health in various ways, and also inspires energy and good temper—London "Express."

#### A Woman's Vengeance.

When a girl's jilted, her trouble begins. It was so with Miss Bella Close, an employee in a Brooklyn playing-card factory, who sued her lover for breach of promise, not so much because she lost his love as her situation through his perfidy. So much was Bella affected by his heartless conduct that she put five aces to a pack, and the customers who bought the cards, instead of making the best use of their obvious opportunity, made complaints, which resulted in Bella's dismissal the customers who have been man proves ficted to woman, but it is doubly so when he is within an ace of marrying her.

#### Pleased

Mrs. Crashley—The papers say that Mrs. Coppervane's reception was a flasco. Mrs. Newrocks—Ah! I thought the reporters would say something nice about it.—Ex.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births

Wright-March 10, Bowmanville, Mrs. W. J. Wright, a daughter. Munro-March 12, Toronto, Mrs. John J. Wright, the Munro, Mark. Munro, March 12, Toronto, Mus. Munro, a son. 14, Toronto, Mrs. W. C. Conboy, a daughter. Springer—March 15, Toronto, Mrs. Springerer, a son. Stephens—March 16, Hamilton, Mrs. L. F. Stephens, a son.

## Marriages

e-Cotter-March 9, Port Mait-Wilhelmina Cotter to Frank Whitmore. ay—Dixon—Toronto, Jan. 9, Amy Ffor-ence Dixon to William A. Gray.

#### Deaths

Deaths

Langley—At 118 Tyndall avenue, on Thursday, March 10th, Isabel Weckes, daughter of Elliot W. and Masy March 10th, Isabel Weckes, daughter of Elliot W. and March 12th, Isabel Weckes, and S. March 18th, Ruth Elliot, daughter of Elliot W. and Mary M. Langley, aged 8 months.

Hammer—March 10, Barrie, E. V. B. Hanmer, aged 72 years.

Smellie—March 11, Fergus, Margaret Lendrum Smellle, aged 88 years.

Hopkins—Feb. 20, Mewassin, Mae Forson Hopkins.

Courtice—March 11, Frankford, Ray, R. Hopkins—Feb. 2b, Mewasen, Mae Forson Hopkins—Courtice—March 11, Frankford, Rev. R. T. Courtice. 13, Winnipes, John Stephens Carveth—March 13, Winnipes, John Stephens Carveth, aged 8 years. Clarks Cl

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W. H. STONE

343 YONGE STREET